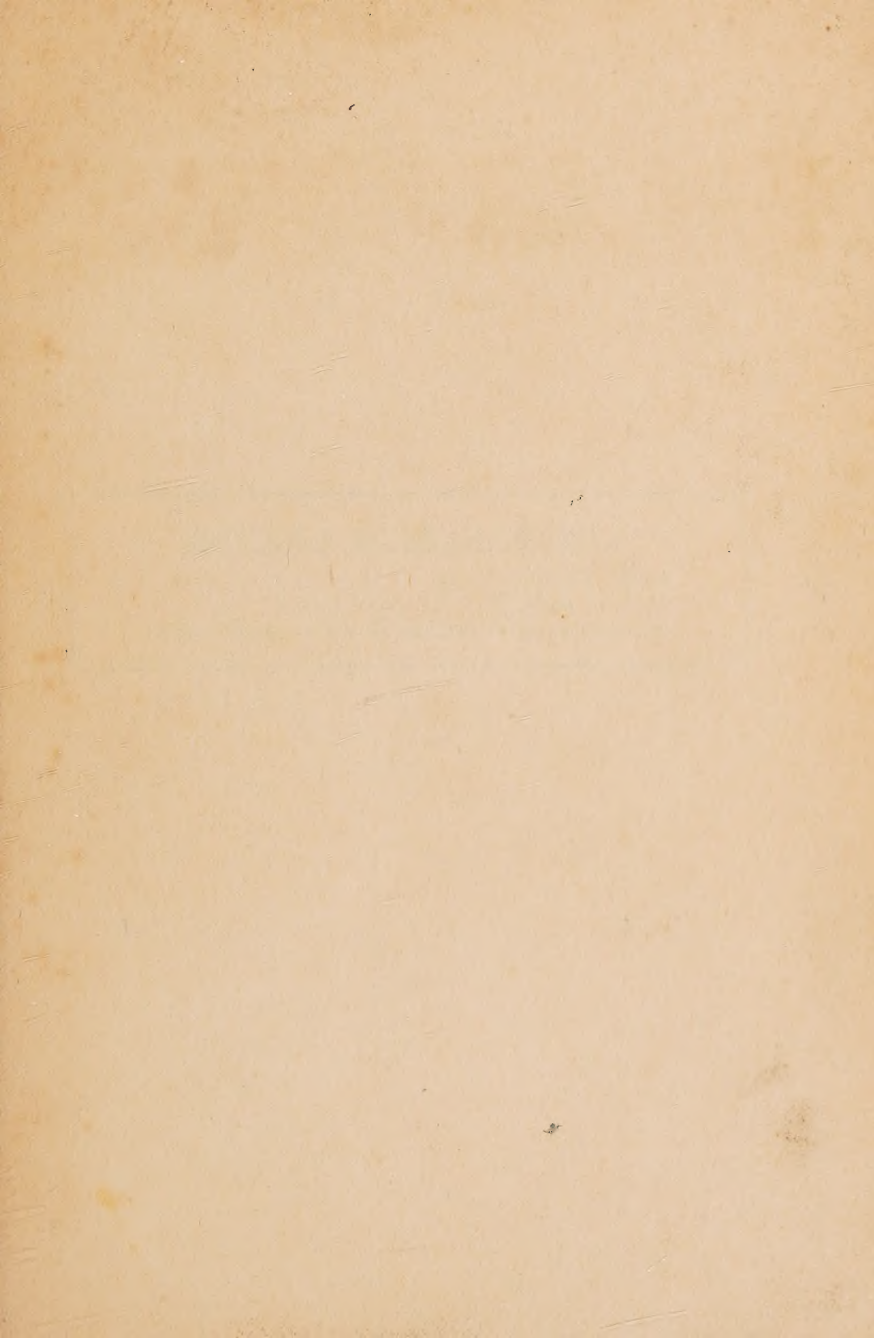


J.W. THINKS BLACK

JAY S. STOWELL





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HOME MISSION TRAILS

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METHODIST ADVENTURES IN NEGRO EDUCATION



LOST IN THOUGHT

Perhaps he is wondering what the future holds in store for him.

J. W. Thinks Black

VOLUME NUMBER TWO

IN THE

JOHN WESLEY, JR., SERIES

BY

JAY S. STOWELL



THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN
NEW YORK CINCINNATI

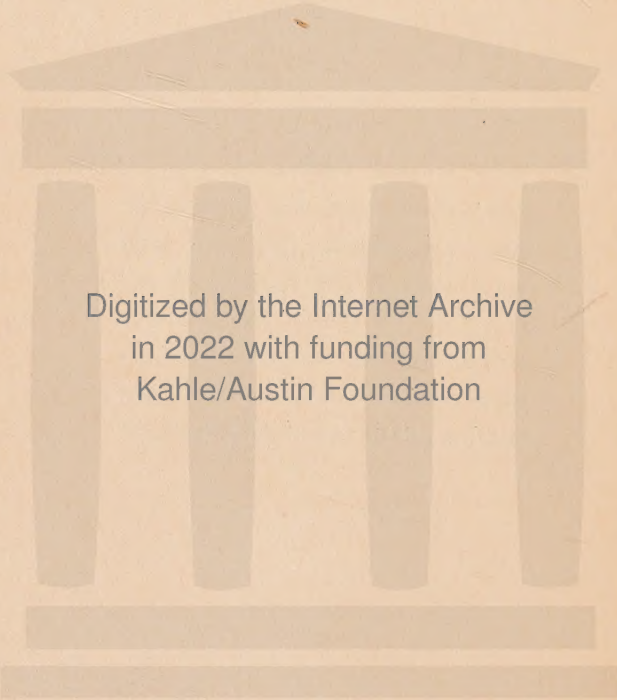
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TO

THE YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN OF
THE TWENTIETH CENTURY WHO
HAVE CAUGHT THE VISION AND ARE
WORKING TO USHER IN THE DAY
WHEN INDIVIDUALS OF ALL RACES
EVERYWHERE SHALL HAVE A FAIR
CHANCE AT THE GOOD THINGS OF LIFE



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CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
FOREWORD	13
I. A CRISIS IN DELAFIELD.....	15
II. GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH SOME NEW NEIGHBORS.....	43
III. IN THE LAND OF COTTON.....	66
IV. JOHN WESLEY, JR., MEETS A SURPRISE....	89
V. HOW FAR CAN THE NEGRO GO?.....	112
VI. THE RELIGIOUS LEADERS OF A RACE.....	131
VII. A DELAYED WEDDING TRIP.....	150
VIII. AN EVENT AND A VISION.....	168

ILLUSTRATIONS

LOST IN THOUGHT.....	Frontispiece
	FACING PAGE
IN THE LAND OF THE COTTON AND THE CANE.....	43
TWO RURAL NEGRO SCHOOLS	66
THE COLLEGE DEPARTMENT OF WILEY COLLEGE....	89
IN THE PHARMACY AT MEHARRY MEDICAL COLLEGE.	112
THE INTERIOR OF A NEGRO HOME.....	131
A GROUP OF NEGRO CHILDREN.....	150
THE HOPE OF THE NEW DAY.....	168

AN INTRODUCTION TO SOME ASPECTS
OF THE RACE PROBLEM IN AMERICA
AND TO THE WORK OF THE METH-
ODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH AMONG
AMERICAN NEGROES

FOREWORD

THE characters of John Wesley Farwell, Jr., and his friends are the creation of the Rev. Dan B. Brummitt. They have been duly introduced by him to the public in the volume entitled, *John Wesley, Jr.* It is the privilege of the present writer to accompany some of these interesting young people as they explore a little further into the work of the church and to face with them some of the problems which make the path of Kingdom progress a difficult one and some of the encouragements which are to be met along the way.

J. S. S.

CHAPTER I

A CRISIS IN DELAFIELD

JOHN WESLEY FARWELL, JR., son of Delafield's leading hardware merchant, was just back home from an eventful Oriental sales and study trip. He was a traveling salesman with a future, but he was also newly married to Jeannette Shenk, who wanted a home. His chief problem at the moment was to reconcile these somewhat conflicting relationships.

He knew that his father meant him to inherit the store and all thereto belonging and appertaining. Jeannette naturally desired a home of her own, with J. W. (short for John Wesley Farwell, Jr.), as joint owner, manager, and occupier. She had no hankerings to be the lonely wife of a rising young traveling salesman. The Cummings Hardware Company, wholesale, of Saint Louis, knowing a good man when it saw one, and knowing as much as wholesale houses usually know about the mentality and sentimentality of young wives—which knowledge might be represented by, say, a mark of 17 on a scale of 100—naturally expected that J. W. would stick to his job, and having one successful foreign trip to his credit, would in time become one of their foreign representatives.

Add to this that J. W. Farwell, Senior, was not yet

ready to retire, even in favor of his hustling and sensible son, and you have the materials of not a few entirely amicable but rather difficult discussions between J. W. and his bride of a month.

The net result of their several conversations was something of a compromise, to wit: No more foreign trips yet awhile; the new home to be set up in Delafield; a sales territory not quite so far afield as the wide and rangy Southwest; the Cummings people to be asked to make J. W.'s trips short and more frequent, if necessary; and an extension of his vacation until after the new home was settled. "The Cummings people" meant Peter McDougall, general sales manager, and he at last was convinced and consenting.

Then came days of ceaseless but cheerful shopping; there was sufficient money for an adequate if modest outfit, and Jeannette had sense and self-control enough to keep her faithful to the rule she had laid down at the first: "Not how much, but how good."

And after the shopping, the getting settled! Nobody who has not played hero or heroine in the charming domestic comedy of setting up housekeeping knows what poetry and romance lurk amid such material things as furniture, rugs, china, curtains, and kitchen furnishings. Such a succession of problems in combination and balance and adjustment! Such incidents and accidents calling for laughter and kisses and simulated commiseration! Such pretty debates and contentions, each performer striving to forestall the other's self-denial. Such happy, clean disorder, of wrapping

paper and excelsior, of packing boxes and tissue, of furniture out of place and hangings neither up nor down! Let those who have not lived all this think to console themselves with whatever pretentious pleasure they choose; they have missed something in itself blissful and a producer of happy memories.

You would not expect a bridegroom thus occupied to have much time or thought for the changes that had been coming in Delafield. The unforeseen illness of his loved pastor Drury had saddened J. W., but nothing else had meant much in the first days after his return from the Orient, until one morning Jeannette reminded him that domestic questions might be related to civic changes.

It was at breakfast, on the first day after Jeannette had been willing to admit that most of the work of getting settled was done. J. W. was living at the moment, more than content with his bride, his home, and the morning meal. Not so Jeannette, at least as to the house.

"Now, I must see about getting regular help for the washing and cleaning, J. W.," said she. "This house will be a little too much for me, if you expect it to be kept up as it deserves."

"That's all right," said J. W., "I want it to be just whatever you want it to be. And, of course, you'll need help."

Jeannette was thoughtful. "They say white help is almost out of the question. I guess we'll have to get a colored woman, though I don't know much about

Negroes. It ought not to be hard to get somebody, for there certainly are a lot of Negroes in town now."

"Since you speak of it," J. W. assented, "it does seem as though the complexion of Delafield had changed some in the last year or two. We've always had Negroes here, but now you meet them everywhere—in stores, on the street, in the factories, in the street cars, and even in offices."

"They came in the Exodus we heard so much about during the war," Jeannette observed.

"Yes," J. W. agreed, "that's so. You remember what the pastor of our Negro church said about it when he asked me to speak at that League Convention. But I didn't suppose the newcomers would stay long."

"Well, they're here yet, most of them," Jeannette declared, "and I'm told that others have been coming lately. Do you suppose that you could get hold of that pastor? He might know of somebody who could help me."

J. W. promptly supposed he could. "Let's see, what was his name? Driver? That's it, Alexander Driver. I'll look him up this very day."

So over he went to the Saint Mark's neighborhood as soon as the proper allowance of time for the after-breakfast farewells would permit.

At first he hardly recognized Saint Mark's. The improvements which had been begun soon after his first acquaintance with the Negro minister had become so extensive that the whole plant looked new and much larger, and it was not without a certain quiet dignity.

The pastor had a combination of study and office, with telephone, typewriter, desk, and such like equipment; and there was a goodly array of books on the shelves.

He recognized J. W. at once, and was quite willing to be of service.

"Yes," he said when J. W. had put the case before him, "I can send Mrs. Farwell a dependable woman, and I shall be glad to do it. Many of our people are out of work just now, and finding such places as I can for them is part of my pastoral business."

"You will be doing us a great kindness," J. W. assured him. And then, as he looked around again, "By the way," he said, "you must have been making a good many changes since I sold you that bill of roofing."

"Yes, indeed," said the preacher. "Maybe you remember that the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension made us an appropriation, and we matched it by an equal amount raised right here. It was a stiff pull, but we managed it, and the money made it possible for us to put in all sorts of facilities that were badly needed."

"As I remember," said J. W., "you had only one room before, but now you seem to have quite a number."

"Yes, that's so," said Pastor Driver. "About all we could do before was to hold preaching and prayer-meeting services. Now we have rooms for Sunday-school classes, clubrooms, and equipment for various other purposes, including a cafeteria which is open

every day except Sunday. We have a parish visitor; our Sunday school is big and growing bigger, we have an Epworth League, a Junior League, two Mothers' Clubs, a troop of Boy Scouts, and half a dozen evening study classes."

"Then everything is going much better with you than when I was here last?" suggested J. W.

"It is and it isn't," said Alexander Driver. "We're pretty busy in the church, and things are really going forward, but in the community as a whole I am not so sure. Sometimes I think conditions are getting worse instead of better."

"In what ways?" J. W. inquired, his curiosity aroused.

"Well, in the relations between the races here in Delafield," said the minister. "You see, when the first influx of Negroes came to Delafield, everybody was so busy with the war, and there was such a demand for labor of any kind, that people were rather glad the Negroes had come. Wages were high, everybody had a job, and attention was centered upon the enemy across the sea. It was no time for discovering occasions of difference here, even though the old population of the town was white and the new was black."

"That's right," said J. W. "I remember. And the slump in business after the war began to make trouble, I suppose."

"It certainly did. Jobs have been scarce, and there's competition for them, black against white in many cases. Some of the factories, which then were willing

enough to hire Negroes, have now let out Negroes altogether, because of pressure from white workers. Our people have no chance to exert pressure of that sort, though they would do it if they could, I don't doubt. Other factories have cut down on the number of Negroes they are willing to employ. And it all makes for bad feeling, especially when our people try to get into the poorer-paid jobs by underbidding white laborers. So now we have quarrels and fights and trouble of many sorts."

J. W. was interested. He had not heard of these things before, but he could see that they might affect his own affairs. And, anyway, they affected Delafield, which meant something to him as a citizen and a business man.

"Do you think it will come to anything serious?" he asked.

Pastor Driver did think so. "The thing I fear most," he said, "is that some of the rougher element among the white people may try to drive or frighten the colored people out of the place. We have our own rough element, of course, and any outbreak of that sort is sure to bring on a clash. One or two houses bought by colored people have already been burned, in very peculiar circumstances, and we have had other forms of damage to property. And there's an even worse thing going on."

"How could anything be worse than burning and destruction?" J. W. said, wonderingly.

"Much worse," Driver answered. "Some question-

able resorts have been opened up in this part of town. They are run by colored people, but they are said to be owned and controlled by whites. The blacks get all the blame, although we have tried to get the resorts closed up, but the police department for some reason is very slow to act. What I fear is that something may break loose all of a sudden among these places, and if it does, there is no telling how far it will go before the sober good sense of both races can stop it."

"That *is* worse," said J. W., "if it is as you think. But I can't believe you have any great cause for fear. I've lived most of my life in this town, and you won't find a more peaceable and law-abiding people anywhere. Even if we have been getting new and maybe undesirable citizens, both black and white, I think the solid good sense of the town will take care of any emergency."

"I hope you're right; with all my heart I do," said the Negro pastor, "but I'm not altogether easy in my mind about it."

J. W., as he had said, was unwilling to believe that Delafield had in it any possibilities of lawlessness, and so he was almost as unprepared for what befell before that day was done as if he had not talked to Alexander Driver at all.

Back from Saint Mark's, he put in a busy eight hours at the store, and was as serene a picture of healthily-tired young manhood as you could ask when he turned in at the home gate and was met half way down the path by Jeannette coming to give him wel-

come. She had put on her daintiest gown; she had a supper ready which he knew would be a good one; and it was in the minds of them both to drive out after supper along the road of their lovers' dreams to the old farm and the folks.

The farm was not especially lonely, with the two younger children about, but with Marty too far away for any but occasional visits and Jeannette busy with a house of her own, Father and Mother Sherk felt the absence of the older children. They welcomed the visitors eagerly. The young folks told about their new house and its furnishings to the accompaniment of a running fire of questions from Ben and Alice. Then they wandered out to the orchard, and by the light of a lantern picked up a basket of apples to take home. There was another basket all ready for them when they got back to the house, packed with a card of honey, a roll of butter, two or three cans of fruit, a jar of pickles, and other good things which flourish nowhere except in a real country larder.

It was after nine when they started back, and the moon had vanished behind a bank of cloud. Thirty or forty minutes later they saw the lights of Delafield. As they entered the outskirts of the town, by the way of the Negro settlement, it became evident that something unusual was afoot.

By the dim light of the street lamps they made out, as they passed, swift shadowy forms issuing from the cottages—men, women, and younger folk, some of them half-clad, as though they had been called from

preparations for bed. The honking of automobiles mingled with a steadier, more sinister sound, the swelling murmur of a crowd in great excitement.

A little further on, the street filled up with people so that J. W. was afraid he might run into some heedless figure. Steering his car into a side street, where Jeanette would be safe for the moment, J. W. stopped, climbed out of the car, and pushed back into the crowd afoot.

Everywhere men were shouting and gesticulating, but, as usual, few knew what it was all about. J. W. caught a swift-flung sentence or two as he moved ahead.

"They got him, all right," he heard one man say.

"That nigger sure could run," said another.

"They'll fix him; he'll never do any mischief again," said a third.

A fat man stood out on the running board of a car, shouting, "Lynch him! Lynch him! Lynch him! We'll teach them niggers a lesson. We ought to drive the whole bunch out of town."

A few steps farther J. W. was in the thickest of the crowd. At first he could not see what was at the center, but soon he was looking over the shoulder of the man in front of him, and discerned a prostrate form.

For the moment there was little stir at the heart of the disturbance. The man on the ground seemed exhausted and spent, and those about him appeared undecided about their next move. Two of them had lanterns, by whose light J. W. could see that their captive,

for he was bound as well as fallen, was a Negro. He was covered from head to foot with the dust of the road. His clothes might have been respectable once, but they were disreputable enough now. Most of them had been torn from him. The rest hung in shreds and tatters. He might have been anywhere from twenty-five to forty. He lay there panting and fearful, while his captors stood uncertainly yet threateningly over him.

One reason for the comparative calm at the center was an altercation going on at one side of the narrowing circle. One of the men was evidently the sheriff; he was bold enough or reckless enough to make himself known. The other was a self-appointed leader of the crowd.

"I tell you, he's our nigger," said this individual, a big, wide-shouldered fellow, "we caught him, and we're going to take care he gets what's coming to him."

"And I tell you you won't do anything of the sort," said the sheriff. "There'll be no mob violence in this town so long as I'm sheriff of Madison County."

"How about it, boys?" roared the big man. "Do we stand for this? We chased him and we caught him. Ain't he ours? I'll say he is. What say the rest of you?"

There were coarse shouts of approval.

"Give him what's coming to him!"

"String him up!"

"Let him swing!"

Events had moved so rapidly that J. W. at first was

rather dazed. But as the fearful meaning of these cries forced itself into his mind he knew he must do something.

"You're wrong, men," he cried out, outwardly calm but deeply stirred within; "I don't know what this Negro has done, but this is a town of law, and ours is a country of law. Even a criminal is entitled to a chance, and a fair trial. You can't—"

"And who might you be?" said the spokesman.

"Never mind who I am," said J. W. "I've lived in this town most of my life, and I'm not ready to think its citizens will stand for disgracing its good name by mob violence."

"Oh, shut up," the big man said in angry disgust. "Talk's cheap, and we mean business. We'll hang this nigger now, and you can make your speech afterward. Come on, boys, bring the rope. One of you take an end of it and climb that telegraph pole."

As he spoke he reached for the rope and began to make a noose in it. In a moment it was done, and the loop deftly slipped over the head of the frightened Negro. "Hurry up with that other end of the rope."

Another of the crowd, helped in his first efforts by ready hands, began to climb the pole, but it was a longish way to the first cross-piece, and he never reached it.

No man could have said how the thing might have resulted, but the elements took a hand just then, and put a swift and almost comic end to the possible tragedy. For some time the clouds had been piling up overhead, with occasional rumblings and premonitory

flashes of lightning, but the crowd had been too deeply absorbed in its own storm to think of any other. Now a few big drops fell, followed with startling suddenness by the swish of wind-driven torrents, while hats and tree branches, tossed by the impetuous gusts, turned every man's attention to his own safety. The lightning became livid, blinding, fearsome; the thunder crashed about men's ears, a terrifying tempest of sound.

And the mob did not break up; it vanished. One moment there was a murderous crowd milling around a cowering prisoner; the next, there was a deserted street, save for the four men who had been the center of it all. There lay the Negro, bound hand and foot. There stood the sheriff, suddenly freed from any necessity of making good his defiance of the mob. There waited J. W., and beside him the hard-voiced volunteer who had essayed to lead the lynching party, his hand still on the rope he had knotted and put over the Negro's head.

With an oath he turned to the sheriff, tossed the wet rope toward him and shouted above the storm, "Here, take your nigger if you want him," and was gone.

Unperturbed, the sheriff reached into his pocket, pulled out a pair of handcuffs, snapped them on the Negro's hands, loosened his bonds, and ordered him up. Together they started down the street, while J. W. hurried back to Jeannette and the car.

The whole affair had only taken a few minutes; to Jeannette, mystified and frightened, an eternity; to

J. W., absorbed and tense, no time at all. He found her safe but drenched, where he had left her. She had tried to protect herself with what coverings she could find under the car seat, but with small success. As for J. W., he was soaked to the skin.

The talk on the way home was mere syllables, but once in the house they became busy finding dry clothing, and as soon as they were settled before the gas fire-log, Jeannette demanded the whole story.

"I didn't get it all straight," said J. W., "but, as near as I could find out in the excitement, this Negro had killed a white child. Evidently, the crowd had been chasing him for quite a distance. From his looks I judge they had some fight when they caught him. As I came up they were trying to scare the sheriff into keeping out of the fray, and he was showing fight. But they might have won out if that storm hadn't broken just when it did. That wind and rain sure put a damper on their spirits. The crowd seemed to fade away almost between two lightning flashes. It was almost funny, but it was mighty lucky too. This town wouldn't have lived down the disgrace of it for a generation if they had killed that Negro. Doubtless he ought to be punished, but—well, this mob violence stuff has got to be stopped in America, that's all. I'd like to know the whole story, but I guess we'll get it in the morning."

There was much talk in Delafield the next morning. The story of the events of the preceding night had already been told in a thousand different ways, and no

one seemed to know quite what the truth of the matter was.

Opinions with reference to the threatened mob action differed widely. A few noisy ones said that the Negroes were a bad lot anyway, and that Delafield was getting too many of them. They hadn't any business in the North, or in the United States, for that matter. They ought to be sent back to Africa, where they came from. This was a white man's country, and if the Negroes didn't like it, they could get out.

Others were more restrained. They admitted that this particular Negro might have deserved to be shot or hung, but they were mighty glad that something had stopped the proceeding just the same, for it would have been a disgrace upon Delafield which they could never have lived down. Delafield had too good a reputation for law and order to squander it in revenge on a Negro, especially since the law would see that he got all that he deserved.

Long before the time for the informal hearing of the case arrived that morning, it had become more or less common knowledge that the Negro had not really killed anyone, although it was intimated that he had attempted to do so. Strangely enough, it was not until the large crowd had assembled in the courtroom that the real truth came out.

Rarely had any event caused such excitement in Delafield. The courtroom was filled to capacity with a promiscuous throng. Every seat was taken, and many people were standing outside in the corridor.

The sheriff was on hand with his prisoner; J. W. and the Rev. Alexander Driver had seats down in front; the self-appointed mob-leader of the night before was nowhere to be seen; but others who had knowledge of the affair were there.

To J. W. the prisoner looked much less disreputable than he had the night before. His dirty, torn clothing had been replaced by other garments, which, although they did not exactly fit, at least covered his body. His face was that of a young man in the early thirties, and he seemed to have neither the appearance nor the manner of a hardened criminal. J. W. noted all this, and wondered to himself how a man with so inoffensive a bearing could be so morally debased.

In the courtroom there seemed to be little evidence to substantiate the rumors which had been so widely circulated a few hours before. Several individuals told what they knew of the affair, and at last the prisoner was given a chance to tell his own story. In response to the promptings of court officials he told who he was and where he came from, and undertook to explain his part in the events of the preceding night's escapade.

He was born and raised, he said, in the State of Mississippi. For years as a boy he worked in the cotton fields. He lived with his parents and attended the little country church when they had a preacher, and went to school when they had a teacher, which wasn't often. At last the chance came for him to go to a school for Negroes called Rust College, at Holly Springs, Mississippi. He worked his way through,

and graduated from the normal department. He married a girl who also attended Rust College, and after graduation he became a school-teacher. He taught for several years, working in the fields during part of the year. During the Great War he had come North, lured by the demand for men, the attractive wages promised, and by what seemed to be larger opportunities for his two children. Since that time he had been living in Delafield, and he had liked it so well that he had purchased a little home there, and was regularly employed as a driver of one of the trucks at the box factory. The day before he had been sent with a load to a neighboring town. As he was returning in the evening and was rounding the corner into the main street a child had suddenly darted in front of the truck. He had applied the brakes at once, but although the machine was moving at a modest rate of speed it had struck the child before it stopped. Someone on the sidewalk screamed; a number of men poured out of a poolroom nearby, and the crowd grew rapidly. A man carried the child into a house, and then the crowd turned its attention to the driver. Some pretty rough language was used, and threats of violence were made. By this time the crowd was so large that the Negro was thoroughly frightened, and seizing what looked like a favorable opportunity, he bolted and ran. Almost by instinct he had turned toward the Negro section of town, and the crowd was soon in full pursuit. Apparently, few of them knew just what had happened, but the general impression seemed to be that

they were chasing a Negro who had killed a white child. At last far from the scene of the accident he was cornered in what proved to be a blind alley, and was captured after a desperate struggle. The rest of the story was already known.

At this juncture a man sitting several rows back in the courtroom arose. He was recognized as one of the local doctors. He said: "If it is of interest to the court, I might say that I have been attending the child who was hurt. I was called hurriedly last evening, and I found that, while the child had evidently been knocked down and frightened speechless, by the time I arrived it was sitting up in its mother's lap and had almost forgotten its experience. I could find no injury and no mark of any kind upon its body. This morning, on my way to make another important visit, I called again and found the child playing normally."

Following this statement by the doctor the Rev. Alexander Driver asked for a chance to say a word. "Judge," said he, "I am the pastor of Saint Mark's Methodist Episcopal Church. I've known this young man and his family ever since they came to Delafield, and I believe every word he says is true. His name is George Lester, just as he told you. He comes of a hard-working Methodist family in Mississippi, and he was educated at Rust College, one of the schools for Negroes established and maintained by the Methodist Episcopal Church. Since he moved to Delafield he and his wife have been members of my church. They contribute to its support; he is an official of the church, and

is superintendent of the Sunday school. His wife is an educated woman; they have two fine children, and their home is a happy one. I called there this morning, and I can assure you that everything he has said is true."

The upshot of the matter was that the hearing was quickly ended, and for want of any case against the prisoner he was discharged. There was nothing left for the onlookers to do but to disperse. Once outside of the building the crowd broke up into smaller groups. An hour later some of these groups were still in earnest discussion of a subject which twenty-four hours previously had been of little concern to any man among them.

It was rare, indeed, for Delafield to become so aroused over any matter as it had over this incident. But events had brought forcibly to the attention of the people that right here in their own town some problems of race adjustment must be faced which they had not previously clearly recognized. When it was noised about that the new Methodist minister who had succeeded the Rev. Walter Drury—now that that gentleman was at least temporarily incapacitated for service—was to discuss on Sunday the matter of racial adjustments, a good many people who were accustomed to sleep late on Sunday morning arranged to forego that luxury for once.

The church was crowded to the doors before the service began. The Rev. Conrad Schuster had not been in Delafield long, but he was evidently a competent and devoted minister. He conducted the opening

worship with effective dignity, made a few necessary announcements, sat with bowed head while the choir sang, and then rose amid an expectant and almost painful stillness.

"Friends," he began, "I propose this morning to preach an old-fashioned gospel sermon, a sermon as old-fashioned as Jesus Christ himself—in fact, as old-fashioned as the prophets who preceded Jesus by hundreds of years."

He smiled a little as he said: "I have been considerably perplexed to select a text for this sermon, because there are so many texts which seem to fit it so well. We might take the words of that sturdy prophet Amos, 'But let justice roll down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream.' Or we might take Micah's question, 'What doth Jehovah require of thee, but to do justly and to love kindness, and to walk humbly with thy God?' or the words of Jesus himself, 'Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye tithe mint and anise and cummin, and have left undone the weightier matters of the law; justice, and mercy, and faith.'

"In other words," the preacher explained, "though I propose to preach the old-fashioned religion of justice, instead of talking to you abstractly I wish to apply what I have to say to a most urgent question which we have long faced as a nation and as a church. Just now it has come home to us as a community. I mean the question of race relations in America, the relations between the white citizen and the black."

The congregation settled itself to listen. It felt that there would be something to challenge its interest.

The preacher went on: "There are some people who say that there is no problem at all. But that is foolish. It is as senseless as the folly of the Hindu ruler who thought to deny the presence of death in the drinking water by smashing the magnifying glass which had revealed its dangers.

"This business of getting along with people, with the folk next door and with the individuals under our own roof, may easily become the chief difficulty of life. The more unlike two individuals or two groups are, the more difficult their adjustment becomes. The more we know each other the more readily we may understand each other's actions and motives, and the occasions of friction often decrease as this mutual understanding increases.

"When it comes to understanding a whole people," said Pastor Schuster, "we need to know something about their history. The first Negroes were landed in America nearly six months before the Pilgrim Fathers arrived, in 1620. Of course they did not come here voluntarily, but were brought as slaves direct from Africa. After that first boat landed its human freight on the shores of Virginia in 1619, through long years other boats came similarly laden, and our Negro population grew in two ways—by importation and by natural increase. When the slave trade was stopped the number of Negroes continued to increase. By the time the Emancipation Proclamation was issued in 1863

we had nearly four million Negroes in this country. To-day the number has reached ten and a half millions.

"For many years the Negro problem was largely a Southern problem. It did not trouble the North. Now it is not confined to any one section of the country," the preacher reminded them. "In fact," said he, "the largest Negro settlements in the United States are to-day in the North. The industrial conditions produced by the Great War brought hundreds of thousands of Negroes North, and many of them have come to stay. They are settled in many places, including Delafield, as we have been forcibly reminded this past week. Now we see that Delafield must come to think clearly about this situation so directly thrust before us.

"Repeatedly it has been proposed to end the Negro question in America by colonizing all American Negroes in Africa. At one time there was a society organized for that purpose. The promoters did their best, and they actually established the state of Liberia on the West Coast of Africa, but after they had exhausted their efforts and the society had collapsed, America had many more Negroes than when they began. Any attempt to move the Negroes gradually to Africa is doomed to failure. They would increase in America faster than ships could carry them away. Deportation would be a task compared to which the transportation of our army to France, with its uncomputed costs, would be a puny enterprise. By its mere size and expense the project of transporting the

Negro to Africa is forever shut out of the realm of possibility.

"And we could not afford to ignore the injustice of exiling millions of unwilling people, whose ancestry probably averages more generations in this country than any other racial group except the American Indian. American Negroes, with the exception of a few born in the West Indies and similar places, are native born. That can not be said of any other race group of similar size in our population. The Negro is a real American, and he is here to stay. We cannot get rid of him if we would, and we would not if we could.

"He has already made an enormous contribution to our national life in a multitude of ways, and he will do more as his educational opportunities increase and as his religious standards are lifted."

Now the preacher's voice took on a deeper note of seriousness. "In spite, however, of the fact that the Negro is a real American," said he, "we continue to let him be treated as less than a man, and in many plans we consent that he shall be deprived of the privileges of citizenship. I think we must admit that the Negro is not given to complaining, but sometimes he speaks out.

"A few years ago a Negro president of one of the Methodist Episcopal schools for colored people in the South said: 'When I went away to school I was taught that God is our Father. I was taught to pray, "Our Father, who art in heaven." I was taught that God is no respecter of persons, that he has made of one blood

all nations. I was taught that our country guaranteed to every one the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. I learned the famous words, "Give me liberty or give me death." Now, I obey the laws; I love my neighbors; I pay my taxes; I preach the gospel of good will and usefulness; I turn the other cheek. I begged twice to be permitted to join the army. I would die for Old Glory. But I find, with that noble Southern white man, ex-Congressman W. H. Fleming, that "taxation without representation is unjust—except as to Negroes; equal rights to all and special privileges to none is a good doctrine—except as to Negroes; all men are created free and equal—except as to Negroes; this is a government of the people and by the people—except as to Negroes." I am taxed, but I cannot vote. I was in a Northern city, a stranger and hungry. I had money. There was an abundance of food, but I was compelled to feast on a box of crackers and a piece of cheese. I did not ask to eat with white people, but I did ask to eat. I was traveling. I got off at a station, almost starved. I begged a restaurant keeper to put a lunch in a sack and to sell it to me out of the window. He refused. I was obliged to travel another hundred miles before I could get a sandwich.' And then he adds, 'It is true that I feel a kind of soul aristocracy, which is unruffled by many discriminations and annoyances.'

"That, my friends," said the preacher, impressively, "is the voice, not of a Bolshevik, but of an ardent patriot who loved his country, but who grieved to see

the object of his love tolerating injustice to millions of devoted citizens because of the color of the skins which God had seen fit to give them. But even he did not mention some of the most flagrant abuses which threaten the peace and safety of our colored fellow citizens.

“Think for a moment of the evil of mob violence. Even in our own well-ordered town within a few days we were on the verge of doing a terrible injustice to a man who proved to be entirely innocent of the charge which was made against him. But suppose he had been guilty? Is it not the glory of our country that we guarantee a fair and just trial even to the criminal? For many years our country has been cursed with lynchings. During the last generation, since accurate records have been kept, the number of lynchings in the United States has varied from fifty to two hundred and twenty-four each year, and while some of the victims have been members of the white race, the most of them have been Negroes. They have been lynched on almost every conceivable pretext.

“But what is even worse than the killing often is the fiendishness with which it is done. Is it any wonder that in 1919 a member of the British House of Commons proposed that a commission be appointed to visit the United States to investigate the treatment of the American Negro? What can America say against atrocities elsewhere when such things are permitted here?

“It was not long ago that a noted English writer

came to this country and spent months in studying the Negro situation here. He described conditions which he found and events which he witnessed and which came to his attention. In many cases the facts were too revolting to be put into words. Then he added: 'It was America's glorious May, when she was pouring troops into Europe and winning the war; hundreds of thousands of Negroes were clad in the uniform of the army and were fighting for "freedom and justice" in Europe. The moral eloquence of the President was in all men's minds. America had the chance to take the moral leadership of the world.' Later he adds: 'The point is that America as a whole cannot afford to tolerate what is done locally in particular States. The baleful happenings in these States rob Americans in other States of their good name, and spoil America's reputation before the world. The fact that the terms of the Constitution are not carried out decreases the value of American citizenship throughout. And the growing scandal causes America's opinions on world politics to be seriously discounted.' "

The sermon was longer than usual, and though no one seemed to take notice of the time, the preacher felt he must make an end. "Before I close," he said, "I must add a word relative to the malicious lies which are circulating concerning the naturally criminal character of the Negro. There are, of course, many bad Negroes, just as there are many bad white men, and they should be treated with equal severity. Of the record of the Negro as a race, however, we perhaps

have no better testimony than that famous tribute of a Southern statesman and journalist, Henry W. Grady. Speaking of the period during the Civil War he said, 'History has no parallel to the faith kept by the Negro during the war. Often five hundred Negroes to a single white man, yet through these dusky throngs the women and children passed in safety, and unprotected homes rested in peace. A thousand torches in black hands would have disbanded every Southern army—not one was lighted. When freedom came to him after years of waiting it was all the sweeter because the black hands from which the shackles fell were stainless of a single crime against the helpless women and children committed to their care.' ”

There were other things in the sermon that morning, and many dinners were late that day as a result. But not an individual left until the end; and when the benediction was pronounced the audience dispersed more quietly than usual. It seemed that every one had plenty to think about, and for once they were really thinking.

J. W. and Jeannette walked nearly a block before either of them spoke, then J. W. said: "Well, I didn't know I was so ignorant. I learned more things this morning about the Negro situation than I ever knew before. I hadn't realized that it was such a mixed-up question. I guess we are a long ways from the practical application of the religion of justice of which the minister spoke. I suspect that right here in Delafield many unfair things are being done and unjust condi-

tions permitted to exist, just because people like us don't stop to think and apply the religions we profess."

"I've no doubt you are right," acquiesced Jeannette, whose mind for the moment was upon the problem of the first real Sunday dinner in the new home, rather than upon the Negro problem of Delafield.



IN THE LAND OF THE COTTON AND THE CANE

CHAPTER II

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH SOME NEW NEIGHBORS

JEANNETTE and J. W. were still at the breakfast table Monday morning when they were interrupted by a gentle rapping at the kitchen door. Jeannette went to the door, and found there a plainly but neatly-dressed colored woman who inquired, "Is this Mrs. Farwell?"

"It is," said Jeannette, although she was herself a little surprised at the promptness of her answer, in view of the fact that she was not yet quite used to "Mrs. Farwell."

"I am Stella Waldron," said the woman. "My pastor, Brother Driver, said you were looking for some help."

"Yes, I am," answered Jeannette. "Won't you come right in and sit down? I'll be through with breakfast in a minute and then we can talk."

"Your friend, the Rev. Mr. Driver, is certainly prompt in keeping his promises," said Jeannette, as she rejoined J. W. at the table.

"He told me quite a good many of his people are out of work just now, and I guess he is anxious to help them," answered J. W.

"I hope you have a good day," he continued. He rather "sensed" a busy time in the home too. "I have plenty to do down at the store to-day, and probably I won't be home for lunch. But you can count on my being home early to-night, instead," he added, as he rose from the table and prepared to depart.

Every day was a busy day at the store of the J. W. Farwell Hardware Company, but J. W., Jr., was in love with his business, and the livelier things moved the happier he was. On this morning the hardware world looked particularly good to him, and he gave himself to its various activities with unusual zest.

Along about the middle of the forenoon he had occasion to make a trip to the freight station, and he climbed up to the seat beside one of the Negro truck drivers who was going that way.

"You're a new man, aren't you?" said J. W. as they drove out of the yard.

"Yes, I've only been working for the J. W. Farwell people a short time," said the Negro.

"What is your name?" asked J. W.

"Me? My name's Mose—Mose Adams," he answered.

"And where did you come from?" continued J. W.

"I came from Mississippi, away down South in the land of cotton," said the Negro, chuckling to himself, as he spoke.

"Didn't you like Mississippi?" J. W. persisted.

"Oh, yes, I like Mississippi all right," the other assented.

"Then why did you leave and come up here?" said J. W., with his new interest in the Negro situation supplementing a healthy natural curiosity.

"Well, I don't know as I can rightly say," said the Negro. "You see, I was born and raised down there. My father was a slave, and after the war he bought a little piece of land right close to where he had always lived. We all grew up there, and it was home to us. Late years, though, things began to change. Finally two Negroes and two white men got to fighting and one of the white men was killed.

"But that wasn't the end of the story. The two Negroes ran away and escaped, but a mob gathered and they drove every Negro out of the country for miles around. It didn't make any difference that we had lived there all our lives and had our homes there; we just had to leave."

Up to this point J. W. had listened intently to the matter-of-fact recital of what seemed in many respects a very unusual story. Now he interrupted: "I can hardly believe that you are telling me the truth."

"It's true, all right," said Mose Adams; "I know, for I was there."

"Didn't any of the white folks make objection?" asked J. W.

"Yes," said the driver, "the storekeepers and other business men in town finally put a stop to it, for the Negroes were the biggest part of their customers, and their trade was being ruined."

"But they couldn't take your land away from you,

even if they could drive you off from it!" J. W. suggested.

"They might about as well," the driver declared. "They wouldn't let us live on it, and they wouldn't let us sell it to other Negroes. So we had to sell for just what the first white man offered us, and that wasn't much, I can tell you. And as for the Negro school and the church in the community, they were wiped out of existence; there just weren't any more Negroes left."

"What did you and your family do?" said J. W.

"At first we just didn't know what to do, but by and by we decided to move up to Birmingham, Alabama, and try living in the city," answered the driver.

"Did you like it better there?" was J. W.'s next question.

"Well, I got a job in a coal mine, and I was earning more money than ever before, and then they put me in jail."

"What did you do to get into jail?" ejaculated J. W.

"I didn't do anything," the Negro said, stolidly. "There was a little trouble and the sheriff just came out and took about fifty of us away to board. That's the way he made his money."

"I don't see how he made any money out of that," said J. W.

"Well, he made it, all right. The law allowed him thirty cents a day for boarding each prisoner, and he fed us for ten cents a day. I heard that one sheriff made twenty-five thousand dollars one year just boarding prisoners."

"Well, it sounds like a profitable business," said J. W., "but it must have been rather hard on the prisoners. I wouldn't care to go to jail just for the benefit of the sheriff, and I certainly wouldn't care to be boarded for ten cents a day."

"It *was* hard on us, but it was hard on the mine boss too. He couldn't keep his men, because the sheriff had them in jail all the time."

"I shouldn't think the employers would have stood for that," said J. W.

"Well, they did fight the system, but it took them eight years to get it stopped," said the Negro.

"I suppose you left as soon as you were out of jail," continued J. W.

"No," said the driver, "not right off. I got another job after that, but we began to hear about the good times up North. The more we heard the more we wanted to come. There was a paper from Chicago we used to get hold of and read and read. It told all about the high wages and the freedom and the good schools. And then the colored folks began to leave. After quite a few had left the white folks decided they didn't want the Negroes to go, because they needed us to do the work."

"But what could they do to hold you?" J. W. asked, incredulously.

"Lots," the driver answered. "In one city they called out the police, and arrested Negroes who tried to purchase railroad tickets; in other places they took people forcibly from the trains; one mayor wired to

the president of a great railroad and asked him to stop the selling of tickets to Negroes. There was a lot of talk, but we kept right on wanting to go. After a while my boy went to work with the Pullman Company, and he sent me some money, and I slipped away and came up. When I got located and got a job I sent for the whole family, and so here we are."

"Sure enough, here we are," said J. W. as the truck suddenly stopped at the freight house door.

This truck-seat talk with Mose Adams rather stuck in J. W.'s mind, and he came back to it many times during the afternoon. "That man's story would make a book in itself," he thought, "and yet he seems to take it all as a matter of course. I wonder if every Negro who has come into Delafield has a story. Probably so, and maybe some of them more interesting and thrilling than Mose's."

Some way he had scarcely thought much about them as individuals before, with individual problems, and sometimes individual tragedies as well. They didn't seem to be so different from other folks, but he guessed they had more difficulties to contend with than people like himself who were born in comfortable homes and had so much done for them.

J. W. was still meditating as he made his way homeward, but the sight of Jeannette coming to meet him turned his thoughts into other and pleasanter channels. "Surely," thought he, "I am the most fortunate man in the world."

At the supper table Jeannette said, "I told Stella that

if she would stay and wash the dishes, we would take her home after supper."

"And what's to hinder our going for a little drive ourselves?" queried her husband.

"Nothing at all," acquiesced Jeannette, without taking the trouble to explain that this was exactly the idea which she had in mind.

"By the way," said J. W., "I got acquainted with one of our Negro truck drivers down at the store to-day, a new man. He's had quite a life. I learned a lot of things from him."

So he told her the story of Mose Adams.

Jeannette listened to the end, and then she laughed. "That sermon Sunday must have given us all a new interest in our colored neighbors. I've been pumping Stella all day, and like you I learned things which I never knew before."

"All right," said J. W., "story for story is fair. Let's have Stella's."

"Well," said Jeannette, not to be outdone, "it seems that she has lived most of her life in Morristown, Tennessee. Her father and mother were both slaves there. After emancipation they attended a school established in the town by the Freedmen's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and they learned to read and write. Even her father's father went to night school there at the same time, although he was an old man. He didn't get very far, of course, but he learned to read a little. When Stella got big enough she attended this school too and finished the tenth grade.

She taught school for a year or two, and then she married a man named Waldron. They got along pretty well, and they bought a little home in Morristown. Three years ago the husband died, and Stella was left with two girls. They are both students now at Morristown Normal and Industrial Academy, the same school that their mother and father and their grandmother and grandfather and their great-grandfather attended. Of course the school has grown since those early days, but isn't it interesting that so many generations of a single family should have attended this one school?"

"How does she happen to be so far away from her children?" J. W. wanted to know.

"Why," Jeannette explained, "she has a sister in Morristown who takes care of the girls, and she is up here earning money to send them to school. She wants them to graduate from the normal department and take up teaching. She lives with friends up here, and she goes back to Tennessee for several months each year."

"That was what the colored folk would call a powerful sermon last Sunday," J. W. said, musingly. "If it hadn't been for that sermon, neither of us would have paid much attention to our truck-driver and laundress."

"You're right," said Jeannette, "I suppose I wouldn't even have cared, but I am interested now, all right."

After taking Stella Waldron home J. W. decided to drive past the Saint Mark's parsonage and thank Pastor Driver for his courtesy in finding them some help.

The minister was in his front yard as they drove up, and he came out to the walk. After both the Farwells had spoken their thanks, J. W. changed the subject.

"Our pastor preached us quite a sermon last Sunday," said he, "on the old-fashioned gospel of justice as applied to the relation between black men and white men in America. I learned a lot. I confess that I hadn't realized that there was so much cause for serious and careful concern."

"Yes, there is a good deal of trouble coming up all the time," said Alexander Driver. "Of course it's worse in some sections than in others."

"Well, what do you think is to be the outcome of it all?" said J. W.

"I don't know. Nobody does. But I'm a natural optimist," said the pastor, "and so I just naturally believe that, everything considered, there's a steady improvement. One thing I know: all sorts of changes are happening; and while some of these changes are discouraging, I think more are pretty encouraging. Ignorance is the big trouble, on both sides. If the black man and the white man understood each other better, some of the worst difficulties would smooth themselves out."

"You're right about blaming ignorance for a good deal," J. W. confessed. "That's my fix. What I don't know about the matter would fill a big book. But the whole thing is so new to me."

"In the South," the preacher replied, "things have changed enormously in the last few years. Slavery was a terrible thing, even at its best, and it

usually wasn't at its best, but it did bring the Negro and the white man into close touch with each other. The slave understood the master and the master understood the slave. The children of the master and of the slave played together and grew up together. Now all that is changed, and there seems to be a great gulf fixed between the younger generation of the two races. An entirely new and different sort of Negro has been produced by what education could be had, by practical experience in business and in the professions and arts. This new Negro has learned a new respect for his race, and a new sense of racial unity. Some folks think that they can deal with the new generation the way they dealt with the old, and it doesn't work. The Negro has for a long time been the child-man of the South; now he is beginning to grow up. He is still of the South, mostly, but it will be fatal to continue to treat him as a child."

J. W. interrupted: "I wish you would tell me what you mean by that."

The pastor smiled. "Let me illustrate," said he. "A great leader and orator in the South where it has for years been the boast that 'We understand the nigger,' said recently from the platform, 'Yes, my friends, we understand the nigger; but I am afraid we do not understand the Negro.'"

And Pastor Driver smiled again, though rather sadly, as he said, "Brother Farwell, that's the point. The Negro doesn't care to force himself upon the white man; he is not mourning that the white man does not

invite the colored man into his home; he recognizes the right of every man to choose his guests and associates; nor is the Negro seeking to marry the white man's daughter. What he does want, however, is the chance to live his own life as a self-respecting citizen of the United States; he wants the privilege of living, working, voting, holding property, paying taxes, sending his children to school, selecting his own friends, and conducting the other normal activities of life with the same sense of personal safety and public regard as is taken for granted by citizens of other complexions. Some white men don't seem to understand this, or else they misrepresent the case by claiming that the Negro wants something more than this, as well as something quite different."

"Isn't there some way for the two races to be brought into touch with each other, so that some of their misunderstandings could be ironed out before there is a worse estrangement?" asked J. W.

"Yes, there is a plan for doing exactly that thing," said Alexander Driver. "It has already been put into operation in many places, in the South particularly, and it has a heap of encouragement in it just now. The plan calls for the organization of 'Interracial Councils.' These councils are nothing more than committees made up of the best available representatives of both races. They take hold of difficulties when they arise, and also they go into conditions which are likely to develop into difficulties if let alone. Since fair-minded men of both races are in these councils, they

get the knowledge and viewpoint of whites as well as blacks."

"There's something in that idea," said J. W. "What's to hinder our having something like that in this town?"

"It certainly would be a great help to me in my work, if you'll let me seem to speak selfishly," said Alexander Driver. "Of course the relations of the races aren't nearly so tense here as they are in hundreds of other towns, and yet there are half a dozen matters right now that I would like to bring before such a committee."

J. W. was all for prompt action. "Why couldn't we get a thing like that started right away?" he said. "It might save us some time from a race riot such as so many communities have had, and as we might have had here the other night. At least it would help the Negroes to get fair treatment, as well as to understand the white folks here in Delafield."

"I'm ready to do my part," said Alexander Driver, quietly.

"Could you get four or five really representative Negroes together to meet an equal number of white men, and talk this thing over?" J. W. asked him.

"I think I could," said the preacher.

"Well, I'll see my pastor about it right away and let you know within a day or two," said J. W.

"I'm inclined to think that we're going to get something started," he added, as he said good-night to Pastor Driver and drove away.

For the rest of the evening Jeannette and J. W.

gave themselves to the delights of the full-mooned autumn night. There would be many nights when J. W. would be out on the road, and even to-night their almost perfect happiness was touched with sobering thoughts of the future. They took a wide circuit into the country and swung back through the tree-shadowed roads, refreshed and quiet of heart.

The next day J. W. let the store do without him while he sought out his new pastor, the Rev. Conrad Schuster. To that practical and understanding brother he rehearsed his talk with the colored minister. He found Conrad Schuster in full accord with the suggestion of an interracial committee, and before long these two had made out a list of men who, they thought, would be worth most for such a service.

"If we had a Federation of Churches in Delafield, we might turn the entire responsibility of organization over to it," said Brother Schuster. "But as it is, I guess we'll just have to move forward ourselves. We must, however, make this more than a Methodist movement."

And so they decided to invite six white citizens and to ask Alexander Driver to invite six Negroes. They fixed on Thursday evening for the first meeting. Pastor Schuster was to talk to three of the men, while J. W. was to see the other three, and meanwhile to report to Alexander Driver.

In this simple fashion the plan was launched. On Thursday evening, quite unsuspected by Delafield in general, a meeting took place the like of which had not been seen there before. Six self-possessed and quiet

Negroes sat down with an equal number of thoughtful white men to talk frankly and fairly about the relations between the white and the black races in Delafield.

J. W. was made temporary chairman of the meeting, and he briefly explained its occasion and purpose. He was no orator, but he was not afraid of hearing his own voice.

"During the last few days," said he, "we have had our attention sharply called to a condition which exists in Delafield. We cannot close our eyes to it just because the trouble is over for the moment. A few of the roughest men in town were on the point of bringing lasting disgrace upon Delafield. That incident was merely a symptom of the friction which exists between the black and the white races here, and for which there must be a cause, perhaps many causes.

"We are met here to-night quite informally. We have no authority. But together we have a certain amount of influence. And, if we act wisely, I believe that the dozen of us here to-night can accomplish almost anything in Delafield that we can agree is desirable. I am told that other communities, particularly in the South, where there are many Negroes, have organized what are known as 'Interracial Councils,' and that they have proved to be very useful in creating a mutual understanding and respect between the white man and the Negro. I am inclined to think that we ought to organize such a council, but first I believe we ought to look at the facts. I would suggest that to-

night we try to discover some of the things that are wrong, and what can be done to right them."

There was a general murmur of assent, so J. W. went on: "If there is no objection, we will proceed on that basis. We have men here who understand and who can tell us the facts. I think they may be counted on to speak frankly. If we learn the facts, we may be able to find a solution for the difficulties and avoid their repetition. With your permission, I will call upon the Rev. Alexander Driver, pastor of Saint Mark's Methodist Episcopal Church, to speak first."

The Rev. Alexander Driver arose. He was of the new generation of Negroes; his bearing was manly, his education plainly adequate, and his speech direct.

"Friends," said he, "the very fact that you are here to-night gives me courage to call you 'friends.' This is a new experience for me. Never before have I had a chance to meet a group like this, made up of members of both the white and black races, met together to discuss questions that affect the two races alike. As a pastor I have opportunities to see much and hear much. I could tell you many things, but I will confine myself to three topics. They are realities among my people. Of course I do not speak in a spirit of complaint, but to bring before you some of the causes of irritation and friction as they appear among the Negroes of Delafield.

"In the first place, let me mention housing conditions. Possibly you do not altogether realize what a difficult time it has been to find places where our peo-

ple might live. We can not go anywhere in town and rent places, as white people can. People will not rent or sell to us. That fact confines us to our particular section, as you know. This would not be so bad, if there were enough decent places for our people in what you know as the Black Belt. But it's not so. Agents charge enormous rentals for places with no improvements; places which they refuse to keep in a respectable state of repair. Two or more families are often forced to live where only one should be. Overcrowding, lack of sanitation, and other bad conditions are allowed to exist. The sanitary and other similar regulations which the city insists on enforcing strictly in other parts of town are a dead letter in our section. And yet an epidemic started in our section by that neglect might easily spread over all of Delafield. We need relief, both through the extension of housing facilities and through the enforcement of existing sanitary and housing regulations.

"In the next place we need a different attitude on the part of our white neighbors. We do not wish to push in where we are not wanted, but our people must live somewhere. In several cases the houses into which Negroes have moved have been burned or bombed, but no one has ever been brought to justice for these offenses.

"In the factories too our people are having an increasingly difficult time. During the Great War black labor was eagerly welcomed, and many Negroes responded to the call for men. Now, very often, skilled

workmen who have made a place for themselves are forced out of their positions by the attitude of the white workmen. This is not only an injustice to the individual and his family, but also it sows the seed of further irritation.

“We have thought sometimes that, if leading white men such as are in this room to-night, would use their influence with the employers of labor and with the labor leaders here in Delafield, much of this unfair treatment could be stopped, and colored workmen might hope to keep some of the positions which they have worked so hard to reach, and for which they are qualified in every particular except the color of their skins.

“I will speak of only one other matter, and that is the question of unlawful resorts in our part of town. These places are owned and sponsored by white people, but they are patronized by colored folk who do not find their homes any too attractive and who easily fall into the snares set for them. We have tried to have the responsible officials close up these places, but our influence does not seem to count for much. Of course we realize that to shut up such places is only a negative measure. We need opportunities of wholesome recreation for our people. To some extent we are actually trying to do this, through the church. But we need a far more adequate staff and program if we are to do the work which ought to be done. The net result is that our race is given a bad name because unlawful conditions have been created, for profit, in our part of town. We are unable to have the evil stopped, or to

do what we would like to do, and what ought to be done, in supplying a constructive program to take the place of these hangouts.

"I would like to say many other things, but there are others to be heard, and I must stop."

In turn the other colored men were called upon to speak. They were not in a complaining mood; the occasion was against that. But they evidently welcomed the opportunity to speak out. The superintendent of the school in the colored section of the town told of the overcrowded schoolrooms, the lack of equipment, and the difficulty of getting necessary support at the hands of the school board. Another man told of friction which had arisen from time to time on the street cars when conductors had been disagreeable to their colored passengers, and quick resentment had led to angry altercations. Other men spoke of other points of possible danger, or at least of probable misunderstanding.

When the colored men had all spoken, J. W. called upon the white men to speak. Each speaker followed his own bent, but a prominent Christian business man summed the matter up well when he said: "This evening has been a revelation to me. I hadn't realized that we had so many unsatisfactory situations here in Delafield, and I confess, I didn't know the Negroes of our town had such intelligent leaders and spokesmen."

Then he paused; his mind was busy with the varying aspects of the whole case.

"Some of the situations which have been described

here," he conceded, "cannot be changed quickly; they are too deep-seated for that. It will take patience and education to do anything with them. But some of the others, I believe, can be changed as soon as we make up our minds that it is time to act. Our Chamber of Commerce has enough influence at the city hall to see that unlawful resorts are closed up. We can even make sure that housing regulations are enforced, and that unsanitary conditions are done away. I am a member of the Chamber, and I will be responsible for seeing that these matters are reported to it."

He smiled a bit as he remembered another of his business relationships. "And, by the way, I am also a stockholder in our street railway company. If we have conductors who are treating colored passengers uncivilly, it is very much my business to see that it is stopped. It is bad for dividends. I believe, in spite of what we have heard, that colored people and white people can learn to live together in the same city, each enjoying the full privileges of citizenship without limiting the rights of the other. I can see though that we have a great deal to do before matters will be set right; it will take years of effort and education on the part of both races."

Another man, a member of the School Board, made the evening's last definite suggestion. "We have stayed here a long time to-night," he said, "and it has been immensely worth while. I believe we ought to meet here again next week, possibly with a little larger representation of both races, when we can set up a perma-

ment organization, to act as an interracial clearing house. Of course we must watch out that this committee does not become a political organization for the purpose of controlling the Negro vote. With proper guarding, however, I believe we can make it a power for good in Delafield."

The meeting was adjourned with the understanding that a second meeting would be held a week later. As J. W. walked home with Pastor Schuster he asked him, "Well, do you think we accomplished anything tonight?"

"Yes," said the minister, "probably more than you imagine. It was really good work to bring representatives of the two races together, even if we did nothing but talk. A good many of the world's troubles arise because people do not understand each other. Sometimes a little talk may go a long way toward smoothing over difficulties."

"Yes," said J. W., "but if we want results in Delafield, we must do more than talk things over."

"Surely," said his pastor. "But it has to begin in talk. I don't think all this is going to end in talk. I believe we are going to get at some definite things which need to be done here. Is it a fact that you are to be away much of the time this year? You have done well to get this work started; and I give you my word I will do my best to keep it going until we have some of the results you hope for."

"I am glad to hear you say that," said J. W., "especially because it is a fact that I must be on the road a

good deal. But don't give me the credit for what happened to-night. It is directly the result of your sermon last Sunday. If it hadn't been for that I should not have been so much interested as I am now."

And then the next evening J. W. dropped in on his former pastor, the Rev. Walter Drury. That gentleman had recovered sufficient strength so that he was fairly comfortable, and could do many things for himself. Of course everybody knew that his days in the active ministry were over.

It had been some time since he had had an uninterrupted talk with J. W., and he welcomed him with unveiled pleasure.

J. W. was in many ways the delight of Walter Drury's days of enforced inactivity, for J. W. was in more than one respect a symbol of what he had tried to do for all his people during the years of his ministry. It had happened that he had been able to do more with J. W. than with any other one individual.

Once comfortably seated in the familiar study, Pastor Drury and J. W. talked on and on. They discussed freely the process and methods by which J. W. had gained his Christian outlook, how he had been led into varied experiences which had shown him the vastness, the infinite variety, and the importance of the work of the church.

They talked also of the future, and what it might hold in store for the young layman. Inevitably they talked of the present, of the new home, of Jeannette, of the new pastor, of the sermon of the previous Sun-

day, and of the events which had led up to it and followed it.

"In my judgment," said Walter Drury, "we have before us here in Delafield, in concrete form, one of the mightiest problems which the world faces to-day. Can people of different races live side by side, amicably, under the social systems and ideals of the present? The answer to that question may determine whether our existing civilization can survive, or whether it is doomed to collapse.

"And yet, curiously enough, the solution of the difficulty is a very simple one. Christian education and the practical application of Christian principles to our human relationships would quickly abolish the entire difficulty. The thing which is going to hold civilization together, in the final test, is not complexion but ideals, and the only ideals which are big enough to dominate the world's forces are those of Jesus Christ."

Walter Drury's face glowed as he warmed to this, his favorite subject. "It is one of the glories of Christian missions," said he, "that at their best they undertake to establish the ideals of Jesus among all races of men, both here and abroad. You have had a chance to see something of the immensity of the task, but its significance will grow upon you as the years pass."

"I have seen enough already to know that the church has a very big and a very important task to perform," said J. W. "It's going to require the consecration and cooperation of all of us, if the job is ever done."

"By the way," remarked Walter Drury, as J. W. was

about to leave, "you were telling me that your next trip will take you into the South. It might be a good thing for you to see what the church is doing for the American Negro down there, and also to see what the Negro is doing for the church. The South and Delafield can't think of facing this business in ignorance of one another. Suppose I give you the names of several persons who could help you to see some things which you could not otherwise see, and to learn something of the Negro situation from the Negro himself?"

"That would suit me all right," acquiesced J. W. "I don't know how much chance I shall have to look around, but anything that has to do with rural life I am interested in. You know I am out to sell tools and agricultural implements, and I have found out already that you can't know too much about the country and the people when you are in a job of that sort."

"I'll send you the names anyway," said Walter Drury smiling. "I'll trust you to do the rest. I've watched you quite a while now, and you haven't failed me yet."

CHAPTER III

IN THE LAND OF COTTON

It was time for J. W. to get ready for the first trip since his homecoming and his marriage. There must be a few days at Saint Louis, getting familiar with the business changes which had taken place during his long absence. He needed to learn something about the goods, and something more about the customers he was expected to serve.

The leave-taking was not the success it had been advertised to be. In spite of her firm resolution to be brave, and even gay, Jeannette found her eyes betraying her, and J. W. had no courage to boast of. He stood on the back platform until first Jeannette and then Delafield faded from view. Then he went inside and began to take account of business stock. He had been gone so long in the Orient that all sorts of questions arose in his mind as to his chances of making good in the South. But at heart he was not really afraid of the outcome.

Reaching Saint Louis, he put in a hard week between office and warehouse, finding as he worked that the first zest of his cub salesman days came back in a flood. Every night he wrote to Jeannette, and Jeannette also managed to write a letter a day.



TWO RURAL NEGRO SCHOOLS

A modern Rosenwald school and one of the poorer sort

By the end of the week J. W., though he did not know quite all that might be known about the business and the goods of the Cummings Hardware Company, was fairly sure that he had about all the information that he could use on one trip. And so he set out.

The plan was that he should go east to Virginia, for his firm was pretty well established even so far away from home, and then work back toward Saint Louis. *En route* he was to be alert for new needs and new demands, as well as for new ideas about agricultural implements in general.

He managed to find both business and ideas, but nothing befell which would be of special interest to this chronicle until he had passed through Virginia, and had traversed North Carolina. In South Carolina he found the cotton-picking still on, and he got a new sense of the immensity of the crop. He had never before seen so much cotton. He could hardly have believed that there was so much cotton in the world.

Not only did he ride through mile after mile of cotton fields, with their thousands of black men, women, and children busy at the picking, but it seemed as though every cabin had its store of freshly-baled or freshly-picked cotton. In the roads he saw long lines of wagons carrying yet more cotton to the gins, and other wagons hauling the baled cotton away after its ordeal in the teeth of the gin. At every station there was more cotton; it was the one conspicuous commodity. Here a score of bales, there a hundred, and sometimes many hundreds of bales under a single roof.

As he looked out, hour after hour and day after day, on the endless acres of white, he had the feeling that, whatever other calamities might come, the world would never again lack for cotton.

Because he was a born salesman, he was a busy one. What between his regular work and his interest in the unusual aspects of the country, he had not found much time to think about his last talk with Walter Drury before leaving Delafield. But one night in taking out his pocket notebook he dropped from it a folded slip, which, when he opened it, proved to be the list of names his old pastor had sent to him. He had not taken the time to examine it before. Now he looked it over with fresh interest. It held the names of seven or eight ministers and district superintendents, and one bishop. At the bottom of the paper a penciled note said, "These men are all Negroes, and leaders in the church. They are worth knowing, and they will be glad to meet you and talk with you."

And, as coincidence would have it, one of the men listed as a district superintendent was noted as living in the very town in which J. W. chanced to be stopping.

This was his first opportunity to show that he appreciated Walter Drury's suggestions. He could at least call on this official, so that he could report that fact to Pastor Drury.

It must be admitted that J. W. was not unduly enthusiastic about the prospect, though he was willing to try. You see, he had never called upon a Negro before except as he had occasion to visit Alexander Driver

once or twice on matters of business, and he wasn't quite sure under what condition the rules of etiquette made provision for a white man to make such a call. The very uncertainty made him a trifle self-conscious. He hesitated to make inquiry at the hotel desk for guidance to the address he sought. Instead he quietly approached one of the bell boys, a colored boy, of course, and was soon put in possession of the desired information. Sauntering out into the night, within ten minutes he stood before a modest house on the outskirts of town. At first he thought there was no one at home, but a gentle rap on the door brought a response, and a fairly tall Negro of middle age stood before him.

"Are you the district superintendent of this region?" J. W. asked.

"I am," said the colored man. "Can I be of service to you?"

"My name," said J. W., "is John Wesley Farwell. I am a Methodist layman, and a traveling man. It happens that I am very much interested in the work which the church is doing in this part of the country, and before I left home on this trip a friend gave me your name and address, and suggested that I call on you and hear from you something about your work."

"You are very welcome," said the district superintendent. "Step right inside, won't you, please? It is seldom that I get a chance to talk to laymen like yourself who are sincerely interested in what we are doing, or trying to do, and I certainly appreciate this opportunity."

"Won't you rest your hat?" he added. "And please step right into this room. I will bring another light."

J. W. wasn't quite sure what he had expected to find, but he felt a touch of surprise as he entered a comfortable sitting room, its rugs, chairs, pictures, books, a few periodicals, an organ, and other home accessories, proclaiming its quality.

"If you will ask me questions," said the district superintendent when they both were seated, "it will help me to give you the kind of information you want."

"I don't know enough to ask questions, yet," said J. W. "But if you will, it would help me to have you begin by telling me about yourself."

"That's a subject that I don't like to talk much about," replied the district superintendent, "but if it will give you a start I'll go ahead."

"I was born in this State and have lived here most of my life. My father was born and brought up a slave, but he bought his freedom, so that he was a free man before the Civil War. He went into business for himself and prospered well, at least enough that he was able to educate all of us children. I had five brothers and sisters who lived to grow up, and every member of the family, with one exception, became a school-teacher."

"Your father must have been something of a believer in education," suggested J. W.

"He surely was," said the minister. "I began going to school when I was seven years old, and by the time I was twelve I was teaching night school in Charleston."

At sixteen I graduated from a private school in the city of Charleston. Right after that I taught two years, and then I entered Claflin University at Orangeburg, South Carolina, one of the schools conducted by the Freedmen's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. After that I went to Howard University in Washington, D. C., though I received my A.B. from an important school in this State. Later I received the degree of A. M. from Syracuse University and the degree of D.D. from Wilberforce University."

"Did you go into the ministry then?" asked J. W. "You certainly had better preparation for it than most of the young ministers I've known."

"Well, no," responded the other. "For a time after getting my A.B. I taught school. Later I joined the Conference and preached and taught at the same time. I usually had charge of the public school in the same place where I preached. Now for almost six years I have been in this district as superintendent. I guess that's about my whole story."

"And you said you didn't like to talk about it!" ejaculated J. W. "Do you mean to tell me that all of the district superintendents in this Conference have had as good an education as you have?"

"I am afraid not," said the district superintendent, "but I wouldn't like to make comparisons at that point. You see, my father was in a position to give us special advantages which others did not enjoy, especially at that time. And he had the ambition as well as the money."

"Have you any family of your own?" inquired J. W.

"Oh, yes, I have several children," answered the district superintendent, smiling. "One son graduated from the Agricultural Department of the University of Wisconsin, and another is now studying medicine in the University of Michigan. Then I have a daughter who is teaching. My other children are still in school. The two older boys were in the army. One reached the rank of captain, and the other, who served in France, got his second lieutenant's commission over there."

"I am not sure of the count," said J. W., "but I make it at five; is that right?"

"Six," said the minister with another smile. "I have an old-fashioned family, you'll think."

"It's an interesting one, anyway," said J. W. "And now, what about your work? Is it about the same as it would be anywhere in the church?"

"Oh, yes, some of it. This is distinctly a rural district. It has forty-six points, and forty are out in the open country. We have twenty men on the district—a man for every charge, though some of the men serve two and three points. But one of our difficulties is that the men haven't the education they should have, by a long way."

"Their training—how far does it go?" asked J. W.

"Well, one man is college trained, several have the equivalent of a high-school education; but some haven't had much schooling of any sort.

"By the way," continued the district superintendent,

"I have to make quite a drive into the country tomorrow to see what some of the pastors are doing on their Centenary offerings. Would you care to go along, and see some of this work for yourself?"

Now J. W. had been glad to see and talk with this Negro leader, but he had not thought of carrying his studies of the Negro quite as far as the minister's invitation suggested. But he had been given a fairly free hand as to the use of his spare time, and, besides, he might find out something that would have a distinct business value. So he said, "I should consider it a great privilege to go."

It was arranged that J. W. should come over from his hotel early the next morning, and start from the minister's house.

They set out at eight, in a car which would have been identified as quickly in Denmark or Demerara as in Detroit, J. W. and the district superintendent in the back seat and a colored boy at the wheel.

Somewhat to J. W.'s surprise, instead of heading for the country, the car turned toward town.

Said his escort, "Before we get away into my 'work,' I would like you to meet some of the Southern white men who are doing a good deal to help us. We are building a fine brick building for our Negro children. It is to be a creditable public school, and I want you to shake hands with the man who has been most active in planning it and getting it under way."

They had stopped in front of a handsome house, and a tall man of forty-five or so answered the bell. The

district superintendent said, "Mr. Harlan, I have with me a Methodist layman from the North. He is going out into the country to look at some of our churches, and I was anxious that he should meet you, because, as I have told him, you are doing so much for our people."

"I understand," volunteered J. W., "that you have been active in the project for a new school building to serve the colored children of your town."

"Well," said Mr. Harlan, "we are trying to give them as good as there is. And I think you would enjoy taking a look at the building. It is not so wonderful, compared with some you have seen, but it is so much better than the building it displaces that we are inclined to be sort of proud of it."

"We aim to pass by it as we go through town," said the district superintendent, "and now we must be moving along, for it is a long ride we have ahead of us."

"I am right glad you stopped by," said Mr. Harlan to J. W., as they parted. "It is time there was more visiting back and forth between the North and the South. I do some of it myself when I go North, but a visit like this of yours is not as common as it ought to be."

J. W. answered him cordially, "It has been a real pleasure to meet you," said he. "You have given me something to tell about when I get back home."

"And now," said the district superintendent, "I am going to take you to call on our mayor. He's another friend of our work."

At his place of business they found his Honor, who received them as cordially as if they represented a block of influential votes.

"I have been hearing," said J. W., "about the good relations that exist between the white and the colored citizens of your town, and I want to ask you how you keep the general opinion on both sides so cordial."

"That's not so very hard," answered the mayor. "We think we have as fine a population of colored people as can be found in the State, and the people who elected me expect me to see that nothing is done to stir up any trouble on either side."

Once more in the car, and on the way to the new school building, J. W. commented on the mayor's affability. "I suppose he finds it good politics to praise the Negroes of the town; it probably helps him to hold the Negro vote."

"No," the district superintendent laughed somewhat grimly. "The politicians in these parts don't have to worry about the Negro vote. The Negro doesn't vote. But the mayor is perfectly sincere in his talk about our people. He has done many things for us, and there is no one that I would go to quicker in time of trouble than to him. As a matter of fact, racial conditions are unusually good in this town. I've lived in many different places in the State, and I've suffered many things too, but I think we have the best white people in this town that I have ever known."

By this time they had reached the new school building. It was only well started, yet one could see what

it would become. As they drove on past they talked about it.

"Is it to be a high school?" said J. W.

"Oh, no," said the district superintendent. "There is no such thing possible here as a high school for Negroes. But this is going to be one of the best grade-school buildings for colored children in the State. It will have well-equipped playgrounds and other modern features."

"You say high schools are not provided," said J. W. "Then how much school opportunity exists for colored children over your district?"

"In the country," said the district superintendent, "for the most part, the children have some sort of a school open for some period of the year. In many cases, however, the term is so short, the building is so poor and so destitute of equipment, and the preparation of the teachers so entirely inadequate, that the school amounts practically to no school at all. Some of the teachers couldn't qualify for the fifth grade themselves."

"Some of your church members can't be so very well educated, then," said J. W.

"I should say not. Probably at least a third of them can't read or write."

By this time the car was out in the open country, passing along narrow dirt roads flanked on either side with cotton fields and corn fields. Frequent rough board, unpainted cabins stood by the roadside. Occasionally the party stopped to talk for a moment with

passing Negroes or with those who were picking cotton or "pulling" corn near the road. Pulling corn consists not in pulling the cornstalks themselves, but rather in gathering the ears of corn which, earlier in the season, have been broken down and left hanging to the stalks.

By and by they came to a small, unpainted building which looked so different from the other cabins that J. W. was moved to ask what it might be.

"That?" said the district superintendent. "That's a schoolhouse for colored children."

"A schoolhouse!" said J. W. "That may be a schoolhouse, but if so, it certainly is the crudest one I ever saw. Does that fairly represent schoolhouses you have down here?"

"Well, we have altogether too many of that kind, but some are very much better than that, as you will see before the day is over," replied the district superintendent.

The car stopped, and J. W. got out and tried the door of the building. It was unlocked, and he stepped inside. He found a few rough and much-dilapidated benches, one chair, and a table about ready to topple over. That was all.

"It can't be that they really have school here," said J. W. "It's a school day to-day, but no one is here. Besides, the place hasn't room for more than fifteen or twenty pupils if they came."

"They have school here, all right," said the district superintendent; "that is, if you want to call it a school."

Probably your schools at home have been open for two months already, but you see we are still picking cotton down here, and school doesn't usually begin until the cotton-picking season is nearly over. Then it lasts for about four or five months. Sometimes the parents raise a little more money, and keep the teacher another month. There'll be fifty or sixty children of all grades here in this room a little later in the season. It's quite a job too for one teacher to handle such a school and get much real work done."

By this time they had climbed back into the car and were driving along the dusty road. Soon the district superintendent asked the driver to stop.

"I want you to meet this man here in the field," he said to J. W., "he is one of our pastors."

J. W. climbed through the wire fence and walked toward a small group of workers; a man, a woman, and two children.

"This is Brother Jones," said the district superintendent. "He has charge of our circuit here of three churches."

J. W. greeted the workers, who had been engaged in digging sweet potatoes. By rapid-fire questions he drew out a considerable amount of information concerning the number of bushels of potatoes Brother Jones expected to harvest, the three bales of cotton he had raised, his corn crop, the two pigs which he had ready to kill, what family he had, and what about his three churches.

When J. W. was back in the car once more he turned

to the district superintendent and said, "That man seems to be a pretty good farmer, but I don't see when he gets time to prepare his sermons."

"I'm afraid he doesn't spend much time on sermon preparation," said the district superintendent.

"Do all of your men do something else besides preach?" said J. W.

"Oh, no," the other replied, "we have men getting as much as seventeen hundred dollars a year, and they give all of their time to their church work. Of course this man gets only a few hundred dollars from his churches. His people are poor, and he has never been trained for his work."

"I suppose a district as poor as this isn't able to give much toward the Centenary funds?" said J. W.

"Well," said the district superintendent, "we have given sixteen thousand dollars already, and we expect to give nine thousand more this year. It's going to be pretty hard to do it, for they couldn't sell their cotton last year, and this year the boll weevil has damaged the crop considerably."

"What's this?" interrupted J. W., as the car stopped in front of an attractive building, plainly not a home, and yet wholly unlike the school he had inspected a few miles back. He was perplexed to know what it might be.

"This is another type of rural school," said the district superintendent. "We call it a Rosenwald school. I have six or seven of these on my district. You see a Mr. Rosenwald in Chicago gives a certain amount of

money, if the county and the people in the school district will raise a certain amount, and then they build one of these school buildings. This school you'll find is already in session. Would you like to go in?"

Of course J. W. wanted to see the inside of this modest but attractive building, with its many clean windows. Inside they found four teachers in as many different rooms busily engaged instructing classes of various ages. The desks and the other school equipment were of the most modern sort, the floors were clean, and the light was abundant. The principal explained that the pupils were now coming in rapidly, and that the building would soon be filled to capacity. The contrast between this school and the one J. W. had seen an hour before was so great that he could hardly believe his eyes.

"Is this man Rosenwald a Negro?" he asked the principal.

"No," laughed the teacher. "His name tells you what race he belongs to; but he certainly has done a lot for the Negro. You'll find schools like this all over the South from Carolina to Texas."

As J. W. came out of the schoolhouse he saw another building some rods away, which he had not noted before. It was a plain box structure which had once been painted white.

"That," said the district superintendent, "is our church."

"Has it just one room?" asked J. W.

"Yes," said the district superintendent, "just one

room. About the only thing that it is adapted for at all is preaching. Of course we have a Sunday school too. We might use the schoolhouse for Sunday-school purposes. It would be much better than this, but the people haven't gotten used to that idea yet."

"Are all of your churches of this type?" J. W. asked.

"Practically all of them in the country," the district superintendent answered; "just four walls and a roof."

"Do you know what I think?" said J. W. "I think that this is one of the most remarkable rural opportunities that a pastor could find anywhere in the United States. With all those children there must be a lot of people around here somewhere. A trained pastor with a modern community program for this church could remake this entire countryside. Of course he ought to have a new church, adapted to his work, but for the present at least he could use the schoolhouse."

"The opportunity is here all right," said the district superintendent, "and so are the people. Most of them are Methodists too. If you'll just send us the trained man, we'll agree to do the rest. That's all we need, but it seems to be a plenty."

J. W. had many experiences during the crowded day. They drove fast while they drove, but they stopped often. They saw more than twenty churches and almost an equal number of schoolhouses, and they called upon several pastors. Once they stopped at a little cotton gin which, J. W. was told, was owned and operated by Negroes. Here he saw the wagons drive up, loaded with freshly-picked cotton, and he watched

the cotton disappear as if by magic, when the drivers pulled down the large suction pipes which were used for the unloading. From the moment the cotton leaped out of the wagon to meet these pipes it kept on the move until it had passed into the great hoppers, and then down beneath the little saw-teeth which tore the cotton from the seeds and passed it on to the carriers, and there turned it out in great white billows ready for the baler. It was all new to J. W. and he watched the process with vast interest.

At noontime they paused at a little country store and purchased boxes of crackers and cakes and some canned sausage. At nightfall they were still forty-five miles from home. Once on the way back they became lost, and had to get a man to go with them and show them the way. At another time they found the narrow road blocked by a truck which had become stuck in the sand. But about eleven o'clock that evening the faithful car pulled up in front of J. W.'s hotel.

"I can't tell you how much this day has meant to me," said J. W. as he bade the district superintendent good-by. "I shall remember it as long as I live."

He was tired and hungry and covered with dust and dirt, but these matters were of little moment. He knew that he had spent an eventful day, and that he would always understand some things better because of it.

Followed a busy two weeks, in which he gave himself vigorously to the practice of his developing salesmanship. He found himself one day down in Alabama. Here he had another experience such as he

loved to treasure up until the time when he could tell it to Pastor Drury. That prospect gave a double interest to J. W.'s every new "adventure in humanity," as Walter Drury once put it.

J. W. was walking back and forth on the station platform one morning as he waited for his train, when he noticed, in front of the waiting room set apart for colored people, an intelligent-looking and well-dressed Negro. There was something about the man which attracted J. W.'s attention, and after a few more turns along the platform he paused and said, "Pardon me, but are you acquainted with this country?"

"I should know it fairly well," said the other. "I was born and grew up not far from here."

"How do you find things among the colored people here?" asked J. W.

"Well, they're having a pretty hard time, just now. You see last year cotton was so cheap that you could hardly give it away, and this year the boll weevil hit this section so hard that it has nearly ruined the cotton crop. I know one man who used to raise fifty bales of cotton. This year he won't have two bales. Many others are hit in just about the same way."

"But how can your people get along and live through the winter in these conditions?" said J. W.

"Some of them are going to be up against it, I guess," said the Negro. "I know one case where the landlord came a few days ago and took all the cotton the man had raised and then took his cow, his mule, and the two pigs he was depending on to get through

the winter. I just don't know how they will get along. And that's no worse than a good many other cases of which I know."

"The Negro doesn't own the land, then?" said J. W.

"Oh, he owns some," said the Negro, "but most of it he rents, and, believe me, he doesn't always get a square deal when he rents. If he raises just a little cotton, the owner manages to get it all, and, if he has good luck and raises a lot of cotton, the owner seems to manage to get the bulk of it. We have lots of folks who just work year after year for practically their board and clothes; and it's pretty poor board and mighty few clothes. They're in debt most of the time, for seed and supplies, and it's just almost impossible for them to get away. Of course some are more fortunate. They work for more reasonable people or they own their land. Then those who live in town and work for regular wages get along pretty comfortably."

"Would you say that it is the ignorance of the Negro which makes it easy to get ahead of him?" asked J. W.

"Yes, that's partly it," said the Negro. "But there's more to it than that. There are lots of men who consider themselves perfectly honest, whose conscience never troubles them when they rob a Negro. Of course I don't want you to think that people here are all like that, but enough of them are to cause us a lot of trouble."

"Do you mind telling me what your business is?" inquired J. W. "I am a stranger in these parts."

"I'm a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church,"

said his chance acquaintance. "Just now I'm acting as district superintendent."

"Another district superintendent," laughed J. W. "I seem to have a gift for meeting them. And yet you know I half suspected it, in spite of your business suit. I'm a Methodist layman myself. I'm here selling goods, and trying to learn a little in other lines at the same time. What is there of special interest about your district?"

"I don't know that there is much to interest you," said the minister. "We have forty-six churches, a large proportion of which are in the open country. Our total membership is a little more than forty-five hundred. We have added three hundred and seventy-five new members thus far this year and we have raised a little more than fifteen hundred dollars for the Centenary fund."

"Are you doing anything that might be called advance work?" J. W. asked.

"Yes, we are building a number of new churches, and the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension is helping with two or three of these projects. We have a church going up in one town which will be one of the finest churches in the entire region, either for whites or blacks. The people are enthusiastic and have given generously. They have a young, well-trained pastor, and they will be equipped for Sunday-school work, and for a variety of social activities which will reach the young people in a much more effective way than has been possible in the past. Yesterday I was

back nearly twenty miles from the railroad, where the Negroes are putting up a neat modern church, and they are doing it all themselves. They wrote to the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension and secured the plans, but they aren't asking for a cent of aid. The church is going to be quite different from the old-fashioned four-walled church of which we have so many."

"I suppose your work keeps you fairly busy?" said J. W.

"Well, I have been steadily moving now for nearly fifty days, with only two days at home in that time. I have held a quarterly conference or from one to three other services every day. I wish you could be at some of our quarterly conferences.

"Here is a program of one we held recently. It lasted three days, and we invited the county agent and gave him a prominent place. What do you think of these subjects?"

J. W. took the program and scanned the titles: "The Value of Good Roads to the Farm," "Can the Farmer Raise His Own Feedstuffs and His Food?" "How I Bought and Paid for My Farm," "Successful Year-round Farming," "How I Raise Wheat," "Games for the Young People," "The Importance of Canning and Preserving Fruits and Vegetables," "The Home Garden and How to Have One," "Successful Poultry Raising and Its Value," "The Importance of Keeping Clean, Looking after Water, and Screening against Flies and Mosquitoes," "Making the Church an Agency for

Service to the Community," "Devotions," "Better School Advantages for the Boys and Girls," "Why the Boys and Girls of the County Should be Educated," "How to Keep the Boys and Girls Satisfied on the Farm," "Sermon."

"Well, I never saw a Quarterly Conference program like that before," said J. W., with emphasis, "but that's the kind of religion I believe in, a religion that's broad enough to include this life as well as the next. A program like that ought to help to make things a good deal better right here and now."

By this time the train was pulling into the station. "I am glad we met," said the Negro. "I am going down the line to hold a Quarterly Conference to-day. I hope you have a successful trip and sell lots of goods."

With that the Negro climbed into the coach for colored people, and J. W. entered the part of the train reserved for whites.

"That fellow certainly is a live wire," he mused. "I am glad I spoke to him. He'd go a long way if his skin was white. Perhaps he will, anyway."

Three weeks later a certain young woman stepped onto the station platform at Delafield. Her face was lighted up with anticipatory pleasure as she gazed intently down the track, although it was fully forty minutes till train time. The hands of the clock moved with quite unnecessary deliberation, but at last the smoke of the engine could be seen as the train rounded

the bend, and, hardly more than a minute later, Jeanette and her husband were walking homeward arm in arm. The weeks of separation had been long, but who remembers that, when "journeys end in lovers' meetings"?



THE COLLEGE DEPARTMENT OF WILEY COLLEGE, MARSHALL, TEXAS

CHAPTER IV

JOHN WESLEY, JR., MEETS A SURPRISE

J. W.'s brief sojourn at home was a thing to be cherished, after his long trip. There was much to talk over, not only with Jeannette and the folks, but also with Pastor Drury and with the new pastor, Conrad Schuster, for whom J. W. was developing a strong liking.

Of course the talk-themes included that wonderful day in South Carolina, and the brief but enlightening conversation which J. W. had with the other district superintendent at the railroad station in Alabama, as well as many other matters which J. W. had come upon by keeping his ears and eyes open as he traveled.

Every one who met him listened to his recital, both because J. W. was liked for what he was, and also because what he had to say was new to the listeners. Pastor Drury was delighted to see that J. W. was adding to his grasp of the church's work in the world, and Conrad Schuster was almost envious of J. W.'s opportunities to study at first hand a situation at once so interesting and so important.

The Epworth League topic for the Sunday evening after J. W.'s return was "The Church at Work in America." Jeannette and J. W. were on hand, of course, and J. W. was asked by the leader to tell some

of the new ideas he had gained about the work of the Negro churches in the South. He closed his remarks by saying: "Lots of folks are continually talking about the Negro as a problem, and I suppose that, in certain conditions, any human being is likely to become a problem. But I am beginning to think of the Negro not so much as a national problem as a national asset. He is emphatically a desirable citizen. Our country would be immeasurably poorer in every way without the Negro. Take the matter of cotton alone. Probably every person in this room is wearing cotton raised and picked by Negroes. But that's only one product of Negro labor. The Negro knows how to work, and he works as uncomplainingly as most of us, but I've begun to learn that he knows how to do a great many other things besides raising cotton, or any other sort of manual labor. Some of the Negroes I have met have brains enough to do almost anything, if they had the chance. I tell you I am glad our church has a place for Negroes. I believe we are a stronger and better church in every way because of that fact. If our Negro members make as much progress in the next fifty years as they have in the last fifty, they will make us white Methodists hustle to keep up with them."

After the meeting was over the League members held an impromptu reception for J. W. Every one was delighted to see him home again, and there were many expressions of interest in the things he had said. The young folk of Delafield had reached the point where they were eager to learn about the Negro, and especially

from one whose good sense they trusted as much as they did J. W.'s.

The following days were crowded with activities of many sorts for J. W. and Jeannette. J. W. spent hours at the J. W. Farwell Hardware Company's store; the two made trips to the farm for visits with Father and Mother Shenk; there were other visits in the home of J. W. Farwell, Sr.; and many other engagements.

All too soon the time came for J. W. to be up and away once more. This time also he was to visit the South, but his schedule took in a slightly different portion of it than had been covered on his previous trip.

It was the first of December when J. W. found himself one morning in the small city of Marshall, up in the northeastern corner of Texas. A glance at his pocket map showed him that he was only a few miles from the western border of Louisiana, only a little farther from the southwestern corner of Arkansas, and that a short ride in a northerly direction would bring him into Oklahoma.

Before leaving home J. W. had taken, from a pamphlet lent him by Pastor Drury, a list of the nineteen schools of the Board of Education for Negroes of the Methodist Episcopal Church. As he came down through Missouri and Arkansas he had hoped to get a chance to visit the George R. Smith College at Sedalia, Missouri, and the Philander Smith College at Little Rock, Arkansas, but circumstances had not permitted him to carry out his wish.

He had wondered, in looking over the list, if George R. Smith and Philander Smith were brothers, and how they happened to be so much interested in Negro education as to have Negro schools named after them. Pastor Drury had told him, however, that the two Smiths were not related, and that George R. Smith was not even a Methodist. In fact, he was a Southern man and he had once owned slaves, but he hated slavery, and refused to fight for it. He did all he could for the Negro, and after his death his daughters gave the site for the college which had been established and named in his honor.

Now that J. W. was in Marshall he was resolved that, if he could arrange it, he would see Wiley College, which, as he discovered from his list, was situated here.

As soon as J. W. had registered at the hotel and been assigned to a room he started out to call on the trade—his customers. He found most of the proprietors in, and in nearly every case he sold a substantial bill of hardware. He enjoyed selling hardware, and, perhaps for that reason, people liked to buy hardware of him. By noontime of the second day he had completed all his calls, and, as he walked back to the hotel, he began to think about Wiley College. This was his chance. He was free until train time in the evening, and there was nothing to prevent his taking advantage of his opportunity. He assumed that the school must be close to town, and, as he was prepared to see a small affair with only one building, he expected that he could

most likely make his visit and get back to the hotel within an hour.

Right after dinner J. W. stepped outside and sauntered down the street. He hadn't gone far when he met a young colored man. "Can you tell me where Wiley College is?" said J. W.

"I surely can," replied the young chap. "I just came from there myself. Just keep right on down this street and turn to the left when you go up the next rise. It's just on the edge of town. It will take you ten or fifteen minutes to walk out there."

"Are you a student there?" J. W. asked.

"Yes, I am in the College Department," said the young man, "but I work several hours each day down here in the drug store."

"Do many of the students do outside work?" inquired J. W.

"A good many of the boys, but not many of the girls," answered the Negro. "The people here are good about giving us work. We have students in stores, in banks, in barber shops, and in private homes where they do the outside work around the house, and sometimes the cooking too. The college won't let the girls go out that way though, except in a few special cases. A few work near the campus, and some do work for the college."

"Thank you for your information," said J. W. "I am a stranger here, and I want to get a glimpse of your school."

J. W. followed the instructions given as well as he

could, but he began to think that it wasn't going to be quite as easy to locate Wiley College as his guide had intimated. He did very soon come, however, to an entrance opening on a wide driveway, flanked on either side by imposing brick and stone pillars mounted with what appeared to be large electric globes. An automobile was coming down the driveway. When it had passed, J. W. stepped inside the gates to discover what sort of a private estate or public institution he had come upon. The place was admirably kept, the drives were shaded, many trees were scattered about the grounds, and there were numerous buildings of various sorts. "I don't know what this place is," said J. W. to himself, "but I'm going to find out."

With this observation he walked up the driveway toward what appeared to be the central building of the group. It was a fine brick structure, apparently new, and with its many windows J. W. thought that it might serve for almost any purpose from library to tuberculosis sanitarium. Just then his eye caught the letters at the top—W-I-L-E-Y. So this *was* Wiley! He had made a poor guess; but you must admit it wasn't what J. W. had every reason to expect in a college for Negroes.

He entered the building, and on a door at the right he read, "President's Office."

"I guess this is where I had better stop and get my bearings," thought J. W. as he quietly opened the door and stepped inside.

Within sat a young woman, busily engaged at a

typewriter. She turned as J. W. entered, and he inquired, "Is the president in?"

"He is out of the city to-day," said the young woman, "but the dean is here. Would you like to speak to him?"

Of course J. W. would be pleased to speak to the dean, or to anybody else in a place like this, and so he was ushered into the dean's office. At first he thought the dean must be occupied elsewhere, as there was no one but a young colored man in the room. "Is the dean in?" asked J. W. hesitatingly.

"He is," said the young man, smiling. "What can I do for you?"

"I wasn't sure that you were the dean," said J. W. "I am a Methodist layman, and every year, I suppose, I make a contribution to the work of our Board of Education for Negroes. I understand that this is one of the nineteen schools under the auspices of the Board, and, as I chanced to be in town on other business, I thought that I would take the opportunity of coming out to get a glimpse of what you are doing."

"We certainly are delighted to have you come," said the dean. "I am sorry our president is away. He will be disappointed at missing a visitor from the North. He is a remarkable man, and has given the best of his life to the building up of this school. He is himself a graduate of Rust College, in Mississippi, another one of the schools under the Board of Education for Negroes. In his absence let me have the pleasure of showing you through the buildings and around the

grounds. We can get into some of the classes, too, if you would like to see them. This building serves as our main recitation hall, and you will find that we are quite proud of it. We might begin in the basement, and visit each floor in order.

"At present," he continued, as they went downstairs, "we are conducting our classes in domestic science and domestic art down here."

With this he opened a door, and J. W. stepped into a large, well-lighted, steam-heated room. A group of some twenty girls, their dresses protected by neat aprons, were handling shining utensils, evidently engaged in the fascinating occupation of preparing something for the oven. "Is this a part of your regular work?" inquired J. W.

"Yes, for the girls," replied his guide. "You see, the Woman's Home Missionary Society cooperates in this, and in the work in domestic art. That society supplies the teachers, and, in this case, we supply the rooms. In some of the schools the classes of this sort are conducted in 'Homes,' which are maintained by the society. We have one such 'Home' here too. It is just across from the campus. The girls there get special training in the art of housekeeping and in home-making."

Across the hall J. W. had a chance to see the classes in millinery and dressmaking, and then from room to room they went throughout the entire building. Many were engaged in recitations; one class was at work in an excellent chemical laboratory, and another in the

physics laboratory; there was a moderate-sized assembly hall fitted with stationary chairs, and everywhere the rooms were neat, clean and unmarred.

As J. W. progressed his amazement grew. "This certainly is a remarkable building!" he ejaculated. "I haven't been long out of college, but this is a better building than we had to study in when I was in school."

"Would you like to visit one of the classes?" said the dean.

J. W. remembered, with a little shrinking from such an ordeal, the occasional visitors who dropped into classes at Cartwright. But he was honestly interested. So he said, "I believe I would."

The class was studying sociology and a rather heated debate was on, over the eternal question whether environment or heredity was the more important factor in influencing an individual's prospects. The teacher acted as a good-natured referee, and made his contribution from time to time to the discussion. All this reminded J. W. how short had been the time since his own college days. The teacher handed him a textbook and, to his surprise, he found that it was the identical textbook he himself had used so recently. Just why he should have been surprised he could not quite know. Certainly, sociology is sociology, regardless of the complexion of the students. And yet, if he had not expected something different, at least he had not expected something quite so familiar.

Leaving the sociology class, there followed an excursion around the grounds and a look at some of the

other buildings. They saw several brick dormitories, one of them so large as to call forth an exclamation of surprise from J. W.

"Yes, that's a pretty large dormitory," said the dean, "but it's filled, as are all the others. It's one of the largest buildings around this part of the country. Probably, if it was being built now, it wouldn't be made quite so tall; they spread buildings out now more than they used to. We couldn't well get along without that building, though."

"And what's this?" said J. W., as they passed a long, low, neat building, evidently new.

"That?" said the guide. "That's our refectory. 'We've had it only about a year. We used to be obliged to do our cooking in the basement of the dormitories, and to eat down there too. It kept the whole building smelling of food all the time, and it wasn't a very good place to eat, anyway. Now we feed all of the students in here at one time. We have space for six hundred at the tables. We have a large, well-equipped kitchen, and the arrangement is very much better in every way. Some of the pupils help at meal time, and they pay for their board that way."

"And here's an athletic field, too, I see," said J. W., "with bleachers and everything."

"Yes, we make a good deal of athletics," said the dean. "The boys will soon be out here playing baseball now. We have football and basketball too."

As they walked back across the campus the dean pointed out a number of comfortable homes near the

school grounds, where former graduates were living, and he briefly told J. W. of some of their successes in the field of business and elsewhere.

"Who lives in this house?" said J. W. as they passed a beautiful white house on the campus.

"That's the president's home," said the dean.

"And what's this?" exclaimed J. W., as they suddenly came upon what was in its outer aspect the most beautiful building they had yet seen.

"I've been saving this to the last on purpose," said the dean. "This is our Carnegie Library. Ours is one of the relatively few Negro schools to which Andrew Carnegie saw fit to give a library. At present we are using the upper floor as a chapel. Our chapel burned some time ago, and we very much need another. The upper floor of this building is the only place we have that is big enough to hold all our pupils. We are getting along quite well that way, as a temporary measure, but we must have a new chapel as soon as possible."

When they were back once more in the dean's office J. W. said: "The school is wonderful, in its way. But I am even more interested in folks. I wish you would tell me about yourself."

"I am afraid there isn't much of interest to tell," said the dean. "I was born almost within stone's throw of this campus. My father was a Methodist minister, and so, of course, we moved around more or less. I got most of my education right here in Marshall. I graduated from the college here a few years

ago and then studied at Harvard University, specializing in education. For two years I acted as a sort of assistant to the president here, and when the dean was elected president of another school, I was made dean. Some people told the president that I was too young for so much responsibility, but he seemed to think I was the man for the job. I certainly enjoy it. This is a great school, but the president and I have some ideas for making it even better than it is now."

"I don't mind telling you," said J. W., "that the last few hours to me have been full of surprises. I didn't expect to find any such school as this down here. Are the other schools of the Board of Education for Negroes anything like this?"

"Well, I have visited only a few of them," said the dean. "Of course we like to think of our school as the best one of the lot. Three of the schools on the Board's list are professional schools, and different on that account. Then there are several which do not give any college work. Clark University at Atlanta, Georgia, is supposed to be one of the leading schools. It has a large campus and a wonderful new school building made possible by the Centenary. Morgan College has recently been moved to a beautiful new campus just outside of the city of Baltimore, and I understand that Bennett College in North Carolina is being practically remade. Claflin College too, in South Carolina, has had a wonderful development. Then there's Rust College at Holly Springs, Mississippi, and Samuel Huston College down here at Austin, Texas. They've all **done**

fine work. It's hard to make comparisons between them. They say that Haven Institute at Meridian, Mississippi, has one of the finest campuses now. They got a chance to purchase the entire outfit of a white girls' college at a very modest price. They have a big farm, some large and beautiful buildings, and, I am told, nearly forty pianos. They are making quite a specialty of music, and also of their Business Department. They have a swimming pool, running water in every dormitory room, and some other unique features.

"In one respect, however," the dean continued, "we excel all the schools, I believe."

"What's that?" asked J. W.

"I think we have the largest College Department of any of the schools. This year we have one hundred and twenty-five in that department."

"How do you account for that?" said J. W. "Is it because Texas is such a big State?"

"Well, Texas is a big State, all right," laughed the dean, "as big as all the Atlantic States from Maine to Virginia inclusive. And we get a good many students from other States too. But the size of Texas doesn't account for our College Department. It's partly because we have quite a number of high schools for Negroes in this part of the country. You know in some Southern States there are almost no public high schools for colored pupils at all. That makes it hard for colleges to do regular college work. There's no way for them to get prepared pupils."

"What are your departments besides your College Department?" asked J. W.

"In addition to our College of Arts and Sciences we have a Preparatory School, a Normal School, a Grammar School, a Commercial School, and a Music School. We also give a special pre-medical course for those who are planning to study medicine."

"It seems to me that you're doing pretty well here now," said J. W., "but I suppose you have what the Centenary people call 'unmet needs.' What do you need most at present?"

"I'm not sure what the president would say," answered the dean, "but I would say, as I think he would too, endowment. We desperately need endowment. We've got a pretty good equipment, and a fine student body, and this school can become a great and permanent power if its future can be insured by endowment. At present we live from hand to mouth, and it's a rather precarious existence.

"By the way," he continued, "there is one thing I forgot to mention. We now have our school year divided into four quarters, so that the school is in operation practically the year around. Pupils are admitted at the beginning of any quarter. You see the summer is a pretty good time for school down here in this cotton country. After the crop is 'laid by' there isn't so much to do while it's growing. Then every summer we have a summer school for public-school teachers here. During those weeks we have two fully organized schools in operation at the same time. Every spring,

too, the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension holds a school for colored rural pastors here. Oh, we keep busy enough."

"I'm so interested in what you have been saying that I could listen for a long time," said J. W., "but I must be going. I have already taken up 'most all of your afternoon."

"It's been a pleasure for me," said the dean. "If you ever chance to be in town again, be sure to come out and see us. The next time the president will probably be here, and out of his long experience he can tell you many things which I do not know."

The evening train which J. W. at first had intended to take had left long before he returned to his hotel, but that was a matter of minor concern. He would lose no time thereby. It merely meant getting up early the next morning. He felt, however, that his intellectual stature had increased about an inch that afternoon, and he could afford to get up early for a good many mornings rather than to have missed the opportunity which he had just enjoyed. He had something to take home to Pastor Drury, and he imagined that he had learned a few facts with which even that good man, usually so well informed, was unfamiliar.

A week after his experience in Marshall, J. W.'s travels brought him to Austin, the capital city of Texas. By the afternoon of the second day of his stay he had completed his business calls, and he took a stroll along the broad avenue leading to the State Capitol building. It was a beautiful day, and J. W. almost imagined that

he was in Washington, as he approached the majestic State building, which is patterned after the nation's Capitol.

He admired the building and grounds for a time, and then followed a street which turned to the right. He had gone several blocks past comfortable dwellings when he saw that he was approaching some sort of a public or semi-public institution. Imposing brick buildings, occupying three of the four corners formed by two intersecting streets, presented themselves to view. In front of one of them stood an automobile, and just as J. W. reached the spot a well-dressed Negro came out and started toward the machine. As the two men met J. W. paused and said, "Pardon me, but would you mind telling me what this institution is?"

"This," said the Negro, "is Samuel Huston College, a school for Negroes operated by the Methodist Episcopal Church."

"That's the church to which I belong," said J. W. "I guess I must be one of the stockholders of the institution."

"I am very glad to meet you," said the Negro. "Possibly you would like to go through the buildings."

"That would be a pleasure, I am sure," replied J. W., remembering his experience at Marshall, "but you were just leaving. I must not detain you."

"Well, I was going over to the athletic field, where our boys are playing baseball with a visiting team to-day. I expect the game has already begun, and a few minutes won't make any difference."

"That sounds interesting," said J. W. "I used to play baseball myself."

"Perhaps you would like to go over to the game first," proposed the other. "I would be pleased to have you ride along, if you care to do so."

"Why, certainly, I'll go with you," said J. W. promptly.

"Before we start let me explain to you what these buildings are," continued his guide. "This first one is our main college building. We call it Burrowes Hall, in honor of a friend from Maine who helped the school generously in the early days. The school itself, as you perhaps know, was named after an Iowa farmer named Samuel Huston, who helped liberally when the work was in its first stages. The large brick building is our dormitory, and the other brick building on the opposite corner is devoted to industrial training. The building across the street from us is the Eliza Dee Industrial Home of the Woman's Home Missionary Society. I have not seen all of the Society's Homes, but I understand that this is one of the best and most beautiful of them all."

By this time J. W. and his new friend were in the car, and on their way to the ball game. As they went the Negro continued: "This school has had a rather unusual history. For many years the colored people of Texas worked to get it started, but they didn't have very good luck. They got as far as the basement of one building, and it stood for sixteen years exposed to the weather, unused. It was only about twenty years

ago that Dr. R. S. Lovinggood came to open the school. He found birds nesting in the rafters, and pigs and goats sleeping in the partly completed basement. The story of his work in building this school is one of the romances of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the South. Dr. Lovinggood was a remarkable man. When he came there was some opposition to the school being established where it is, but when he died the mayor of Austin and the City Council attended the funeral in a body. Colonel E. M. House, who lived in Austin, said that Dr. Lovinggood was one of the greatest educators the Negro race had ever produced."

"It sounds as though we had come to a band concert instead of a ball game," said J. W. as the car approached the inclosed grounds from which music and shouting were heard.

"Yes, we have a pretty good college band, and they always get out on occasions like this," said his companion.

Just then the car passed inside the gates, but no one noticed it, for everybody's attention was fixed on something far more important. A home team player had just hit a ball into deep center, and the runner who had been on second had already passed third base and was well on his way home. The band was playing boisterously, and several hundred students and friends in the grandstand were jumping, shouting, and waving their hands in approved rooter fashion.

"I haven't heard anything like that since I was in college," said J. W. when the runner had crossed the

plate and the uproar had somewhat subsided. "It does me good just to hear the shouting." Although he spoke casually, he was conscious inside that he was far more surprised than he was willing to show. He never had seen a ball game played by colored teams, and he hadn't quite pictured the thing in his mind before. Baseball was what it was, to be sure, no matter who played it, but in his heart he knew that this game was much more like what he had been accustomed to in his own college days than he had expected.

He stayed through the remaining innings of the game, the home team winning handily, to the delight of the assembled crowd. Then he rode with his new friend back to his hotel.

As they neared the hotel J. W. turned suddenly to his companion and said, "Here I have been with you most of the afternoon and you haven't told me a thing about yourself. I take it for granted you are one of the teachers at Samuel Huston College or connected with the school in some way?"

"Yes, sir," said the Negro. "I do some teaching there. I am also the president. That was my house next to the Eliza Dee Home. I am not sure that I pointed it out to you."

"President? And here I've been monopolizing you all afternoon! Well, I'll admit it has been a pleasure to be with you and to see that game, even if our meeting was a little informal," said J. W. "In the future I'll know what folks are talking about, anyway, when they say 'Samuel Huston College.' I am ready to

believe on the spot that you are doing a great work for your people."

"Well, we think we are doing some things worth while," said the president, "but it is by the help of folks like you, who have had the faith to support the institutions of the church even when they didn't know all about them. That has made our work possible. You know there is a verse in the Bible which says, 'Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.' Sometimes I think of that verse in connection with our many friends who have never seen what we are doing and yet have believed in us enough to help."

J. W. had one more opportunity to see what the church was doing among Negroes before he was headed for home at the end of his trip. He had been spending several days in New Orleans, and on Saturday afternoon had ridden out on beautiful Saint Charles Avenue to New Orleans College, another Methodist Episcopal School for Negroes. Later he had visited the Flint-Goodridge Hospital and Nurse Training School, located in another part of the city, and had come to see something of the beneficent service which that unique institution was rendering.

It was while he was making these visits that the idea occurred to him of attending a Negro church service on the morrow, Sunday. His inquiries brought prompt information, and the next morning, with the address of the largest Methodist Episcopal church in the city for Negroes in his pocket, he set out. He thought he had made a sufficiently early start, but

when he reached the church he found every seat already occupied by well-dressed colored people, and still others were standing. The problem of getting a seat did not long worry him, however, for almost before he knew it he had been ushered to the platform.

It was evident even to a visitor that the occasion was a special one. J. W. learned later that the congregation always filled the church to the doors, but this morning every side room was filled also, and standing room was in demand. The service began and moved forward in orderly fashion, but there was abundant evidence of anticipation and suppressed excitement.

At last the secret came out. It appeared that the congregation had outgrown the church, and, what was more significant, the program of the church had become altogether too varied and extensive to be carried on effectively with the facilities available. If the work was to go forward, it was necessary to purchase an adjoining property and build for the enlarged needs of the work.

For weeks now the congregation had been planning and working toward a special offering which would make possible this much-needed forward step, and this was the day of the special collection.

At last the time for the offering arrived, and J. W. saw a sight as interesting as it was unexpected. He had been accustomed to seeing dignified plate-bearers pass down the aisles and collect the offering, but this time the collectors took their places by the altar, and the members of the congregation came forward to them

and placed their offerings for the church on large tables. There were tottering old men and strong young men; women with gray hair and sprightly young maidens; boys and girls of various ages. It seemed as though there would be no end to the long lines of folks. And every one who came brought something to put on the table. Some of the gifts were small and some large, but every giver seemed to be a happy giver. Quickly the money piled up, until from sheer weariness J. W. ceased to wonder how much it might be. And then they sang, first the songs which J. W. had known and loved as a boy, and then the songs which had come down out of the days of slavery—songs of thanksgiving, songs of resignation, and songs of triumph. Never had J. W. heard singing quite like that before.

Meanwhile the money was being counted, and at last the figures were ready to be announced. Even J. W. was dumfounded when he heard the announcement of a total a little over eight thousand dollars. "Eight thousand dollars in cash," thought J. W., "not in pledges, or signed cards, or promises to pay, but in good American cash! I wish some of the people back home could see this. And to think that these folk or their parents a few years ago were slaves. It looks to me that if the church ever made a good investment it was when it invested money in its missionary work for Negroes."

That night at the hotel before going to bed J. W. wrote a long letter to Jeannette. We are not at liberty to record here all that he said, but that part of the com-

munication which is relevant to this story was in substance as follows:

"I am getting pretty anxious to get home. This trip has been long enough, and I think that by the last of next week you will see me in Delafield. I have sold a lot of goods since I have been away, but I have also done a good many other things that I must wait to tell you about until I get home. I used to think that a man was educated when he got through college, but I have learned so much since I left school that I have about decided that I didn't know much of anything when I graduated. This last trip has been a wonderful one for me—in fact, it seems as though each one is better than the last. I am learning to keep my eyes and ears open, in places that seem least promising, and I am discovering many things that are good for me to see and hear. One thing in particular I have gained out of this trip; I am more convinced than ever that in a great country like ours the question of a man's complexion isn't half as important as the question of what kind of a man he really is inside. We'll get a chance to talk this over when I get home, and I can tell you then just what I mean."

CHAPTER V

HOW FAR CAN THE NEGRO GO?

WHEN J. W. visited the Flint-Goodridge Hospital and Nurse Training School in New Orleans he had had quite an extended conversation with the Negro doctor who was serving as house physician for the institution. The doctor had mentioned in passing that he had received his medical training at Meharry Medical College, Nashville, Tennessee. Now, it must be confessed that up to that time J. W. had hardly heard of Meharry Medical College, and he had forgotten, if, indeed, he had ever known, that it was one of the schools under the auspices of the Board of Education for Negroes of the Methodist Episcopal Church. However, the name had stuck, and he had promised himself that, if he ever got to Nashville, he would make it a point to visit the school.

It was not until the March following his visit to New Orleans that J. W. arrived in the capital city of "Sunny Tennessee." He had not forgotten his purpose, and in his first moments of leisure he took occasion to discover the location of the college and the street car he must take to reach it. A short ride brought him to the school, with its several buildings on either side of a city street. In front of these stood a number of



IN THE PHARMACY AT MEDHARRY MEDICAL COLLEGE, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

automobiles, which J. W. learned later belonged to certain of the professors who had their own practice in the city, and who gave several hours each week regularly to lecturing at the college. A number of young men and women were passing back and forth from one building to another. Of one of these J. W., as his custom was, made inquiry concerning the college offices. He was directed to the brick building immediately in front of him, and he entered to find a young-looking white man busily engaged at a flat-topped desk with some papers.

"Pardon me," said J. W. "My name is Farwell. I am a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and, as I happened to be in the city, I thought I would like, if possible, to get a glimpse of your school. I wonder if I could meet the president or have a chance to talk with someone who knows about the work."

In the light of earlier experiences he was not greatly surprised at the answer he got. "I am supposed to be the president," said the man with a twinkle in his eye. "We are delighted to see you, and it will be a pleasure for me to tell you about what we are doing and to show you through our buildings.

"By the way," he continued, "where do you come from?"

"I am traveling out of Saint Louis," said J. W.

"We have a good many graduates in Saint Louis," commented the president. "I believe we have considerably more than a hundred altogether in Missouri, counting doctors, dentists, and pharmacists."

"Oh, do you graduate dentists and pharmacists too?" asked J. W.

"Oh, yes," the president assured him. "We have thriving Dental and Pharmaceutical Departments, and in addition to our Medical Department recently we have added a Nurse Training Department."

"Do most of your graduates go South to practice?" said J. W.

"Well, they are all over the South," answered the president, "but they are also scattered all through the North and in most of the Western States to California and Oregon. We have more than three hundred and fifty graduates here in Tennessee, about two hundred and fifty in Georgia, nearly as many in Texas and so on in varying numbers in the other Southern States. In the North we have some in New York and New Jersey, more in Ohio, and in and around Chicago we have a great many. As a matter of fact, we have graduates in the District of Columbia and in thirty-eight States of the Union. Besides that, about fifty of our graduates are in foreign countries."

"I didn't realize that your work was so extensive," said J. W. "The college must be an old one."

"It was organized in 1876, and the man who started it is living here now. Perhaps you noticed that fine brick house on the left. That is his home. The alumni built it for him when he retired and became president emeritus about a year ago. I have been in charge since then. At first the Medical Department was started as a department of Walden College, one of the schools

of the Freedmen's Aid Society—The Board of Education for Negroes of the Methodist Episcopal Church, they call it now. Ten years later the Dental Department was added, and three years after that the Pharmaceutical Department was included. This was the first medical school for Negroes west of the Alleghenies. The school—or rather the schools, for you see we have four distinct schools—is now entirely separate from Walden.

“Just let me get my hat,” continued the president, “and I will go with you through the buildings.”

“You see,” he said as he returned, “this was the first building. We use it now for our offices, and we have a number of lecture rooms upstairs. The president has always lived in this building too. Suppose we go across the street and begin there.”

As they approached the neat, substantial-looking brick building on the opposite side of the street the president continued, “We use this building largely for our dental and pharmaceutical work. This room on the left is our pharmacy. I want you to meet the doctor in charge. He is one of our graduates. He has been a most loyal son of Meharry. It is he who has been practically responsible for the building up of this department. Several hundred pupils have been graduated from the department, and we have about one hundred and fifty enrolled in it now.”

J. W. and his guide entered the pharmacy, with its tiers of bottle-filled shelves, met the doctor in charge, and then got a glimpse of the laboratory where various

students were at work compounding mixtures which reminded J. W. of his own experience with college chemistry.

From the Pharmaceutical Department they passed to rooms where dental students were busily engaged in manufacturing and vulcanizing dental plates, and to others where more students were listening to lectures on dental subjects or were engaged in the discussion of dental matters or in the answering of questions. At last they reached the top floor of the building, and the president said, as he stepped aside to allow J. W. to enter the rooms, "This is our dental clinic."

The sight which met J. W.'s eyes was worth the climb. The room was a large one, evidently the full length of the building. Many windows admitted the sunlight, and facing these were long rows of modern dental chairs, occupied by patients of varying ages. The advanced dental students of the school were busily at work under the direction of the instructors. Unsound teeth were being filled, impressions for artificial sets were being taken, and other dental activities were in progress.

"This looks like the real thing," said J. W.

"Yes, we treat thousands of cases in there," answered the president. "Of course we couldn't do our work without that clinic."

"Do you charge anything for the work done?" asked J. W.

"We make a small charge for the materials," said the president, "when the patient is able to pay. But

we charge nothing for the work itself. We are too glad to get a chance to do it."

"Some of the work would never be done at all, probably, if it were not for this opportunity to get it done so cheaply?" remarked J. W., questioningly.

"You're right there," said the president. "Much of it could never be done if it were not for this clinic. I guess we are doing a little missionary work as well as turning out dentists."

When they were once more on the street the president proceeded to point out the college buildings which were in sight.

"This fine building next door is the G. W. Hubbard Hospital, named in honor of the president emeritus. It is a blessing to the colored people of Nashville, and, of course, a great asset to the school. The colored people themselves gave the first money for the erection of this hospital, and they are quite proud of it. That beautiful brick residence next to it is the home built by the alumni for the former president, upon his retirement. The building across the street from us is the Anderson Anatomical Hall. It was the gift of an alumnus of the school, who chose this way of showing his appreciation for what Meharry has done and is doing for the Negro. The building next to it is the Meharry Auditorium. Down the street a little further are a number of other buildings which we are beginning to use now. They were used originally for Walden College, but since that institution has been moved to another site, we are to have the use of those buildings,

or as many of them as are adapted to our purposes. We can go through the buildings, and then I want you to come back and visit some of our classes. You ought to call on the former president too. Then we have a meeting of all the students called for a little later. Possibly you would like to attend that."

J. W. and his guide made a hurried trip through the hospital, speaking to some of the patients, visiting the operating room, and meeting the doctor in charge and some of the nurses in training. They also visited the anatomical hall, where J. W. saw earnest students engaged in a sort of work from which he decided he would just as soon be excused, and then they walked down the street until they got a glimpse of the Walden buildings which were being added to the school equipment.

"You will see the auditorium when the students assemble," said the president, "and I do want you to get into at least one class."

And so J. W. found himself in a room with some sixty students. They were mostly young men, but there were two or three young women. The teacher was an alert Negro doctor apparently of middle age. The subject had to do with the practice of medicine. The teacher was calling for reports from individual pupils as to the symptoms which might be expected to show themselves in connection with certain diseases, and the sort of treatment which they would prescribe.

J. W. was surprised not only at the sharp, clear-cut answers, but also at the ease with which the students

used scientific terms of which he did not so much as know the meaning. The hour was a fascinating one for him. He did not learn much about disease or the practice of medicine, but at least he came to a fresh realization of the fact that the color of a man's skin did not necessarily determine his intellectual ability. He saw more clearly than he had ever seen before that it was hardly safe to put limits upon the development of any individual. If these Negro students were capable of becoming good physicians, surgeons, dentists, and pharmacists, then, so far as J. W. was concerned, he could not think for the moment of any realm of learning or activity into which they might not delve with profit.

After the class was dismissed J. W. made his call upon the retired president, a courtly doctor of the old school, and spent with him a delightful half-hour.

"I wish," said J. W. after they were comfortably seated, "that you would tell me about the early days of the school, and how you came to be connected with it."

"If you get me started on that subject, I might talk a long time," said his host. "You see, I am an old man, and I haven't much to do now but talk. This school and I have practically grown up together, so I know more about it than anything else."

"I am ready to listen to anything you will say," said J. W. "I am not easily frightened."

"In a way I'll have to begin with myself," said the old man. "I was born up in New Hampshire in 1841; that's over eighty years ago. We had one hundred acres of fairly rough land and kept four cows. There

weren't many kinds of farm work that I didn't do in those days, but in between I went to school—first at the public school and then at the academy. I taught school for several years, and in 1864 I came South to do religious work among the soldiers. I expected to go to Atlanta, but was kept in Nashville by reason of the fact that the railroads had been torn up. While I was waiting I was set at the task of teaching Negro soldiers. After the war I continued for several years to teach Negroes in the public schools here. Then I took up the study of medicine, and was graduated from the Medical Department of the University of Tennessee. I had begun to practice medicine when Dr. R. S. Rust, who was then secretary of the Freedmen's Aid Society, asked me to undertake the establishment of a Medical Department in connection with Central Tennessee College, the school later to be known as Walden University. I agreed to undertake the job, and I have worked at it steadily for nearly forty-five years. In more than forty years of service I was absent from my office for all causes a total of twelve days. In some respects it has been a slow, steady task, but there has been some progress. Of course all of these buildings have been built since I came, for we began with nothing. Then, too, we have graduated about twenty-five hundred students, of whom about twenty-two hundred are still living. Our enrollment has increased also. This year I think we have nearly seven hundred in all departments."

"Are they all Methodists?" said J. W.

"Oh, no," answered the old man. "We don't know any denominational line when it comes to students. We have Presbyterians and Congregationalists and a lot of Baptists. Occasionally we have Catholic students too. The Baptists have been especially loyal to the school, and 'Meharry Day' is celebrated in the colored Baptist churches as enthusiastically as in Methodist churches. We have had the cooperation of the Southern white man here, also. When I began the work an ex-Confederate surgeon was my assistant. Some of the best white doctors in town have helped me in the work for many years, and the professors at Vanderbilt University, that remarkable school for white students which is only a few blocks from us, have helped in many ways. When I retired from the presidency a year ago some of the local papers took occasion to say some very nice things about us and our work."

"What kind of homes do most of your students come from?" asked J. W.

"For the most part from poor homes," continued the doctor. "A good many of them were born in such little cabins as you see all over the Southland. They have come up through the discipline of hard work and hard study. Many of them are graduates of other schools under the auspices of the Board of Education for Negroes. Most of them are working their way through school.

"Possibly you noticed that we have no college dormitories. We expect to have some as soon as possible, but in the past we have managed without them because

so many of the students have been employed all over the city. Often they room where they work. Some of them tend furnaces, take care of yards and do other work about the houses. Some work in tailor shops, some in barber shops and some in shoeshining parlors. Some wait on table, others wash dishes, and some serve as porters. One boy is working his way through the Dental Department by selling pies. A good many of the students work right through the noon hour here and get along on two meals a day. In the summer vacation they scatter in all directions. Some go back to the farms, some teach school in the South, and others go North to work in hotels, on Pullman trains, on river boats, or in factories, where they seem to have little trouble in getting work. If I do say it, I think we get the pick of the rising generation right here. Occasionally a man turns out bad, but most of our men have gone out to live wholesome Christian lives in the communities to which they have gone."

"I don't want to break off the story," said J. W., "but I must leave in a moment, and I want to ask you one more question. Why was the school named 'Meharry'?"

"That's an easy one," laughed the old man. "It was because the Meharry brothers in the early days gave the money which made the work possible. Possibly you don't know who the 'Meharry brothers' were, but I can tell you quickly. There were five of them in all—Alexander, Hugh, David, Samuel, and Jesse. Rather substantial names, don't you think? Well, they

were of Scotch-Irish ancestry. Their parents came to this country, got out into western Pennsylvania and at last floated down the Ohio River in a flatboat. They chose a place in the wilderness of Ohio, and there they settled. While the boys were still young the father was killed. I think it was by a falling tree, as he was returning home from a camp meeting. At any rate, the mother was left with a family of five boys to raise, and she did her task well. The boys were all loyal Methodists. They all became successful farmers except Alexander, and he became a Methodist minister. Through Dr. Rust they became interested in this project of establishing a medical school for Negroes. They all gave toward it, and, although their gifts would not be considered large to-day, they did make the work possible, and, before they finished giving, their contributions amounted to quite a number of thousand dollars. They were devoted friends of the school until their death. Of course they are all dead now."

"The Meharry brothers certainly did a fine thing when they provided that money," said J. W. as he rose to leave, "but what good would the money have done without someone like you to stay on the job for so many years? I am inclined to think that the record of your personal achievement here would be hard to equal, and now that you are an old man I am not afraid of making you vain by saying so. I judge you haven't grown rich at the task, but your life work has affected the welfare of a race and of a nation. The recollection of that fact ought to bring you more satisfaction than

any amount of money could in these days when for the first time you have the leisure to look back over the busy days that have passed. I consider it an honor to have met you, and I hope you may live many years to see Meharry become more useful than even you have dared to forecast."

That was quite a speech for J. W., but, as he thought it over after he was outside, he decided that the occasion demanded nothing less. As he came out the students were just gathering in the auditorium, and the president was waiting for him.

"This assembly is called for a special purpose to-day," said the president. "You will see what that is when I speak. We didn't know that we were going to have company, but I want you to come up on the platform with me, even if I do most of the talking."

"If you please," said J. W., "I would prefer to sit on the back seat and watch the proceedings from there. I'm not the platform kind."

"If that suits you better," said the president, "we will let it go that way."

The room was already nearly filled as they entered. J. W. found a vacant seat in the rear, and the president made his way to the platform. In a moment all was quiet, and the president rose to speak.

"Men," said he, "I have called you together to-day for a very definite purpose. What I have to say will not take much time, and most of you do not need to have me say it. In so large a group of students, however, there are bound to be some who either do not

fully understand what is required of them or who get careless in the fulfillment of their obligations. It is perhaps unnecessary for me to remind you that this institution has some rules—some very definite rules. I did not make those rules, but we all understand what they are. They are clearly printed in the catalogue of the school, and it is stated there that, 'Every student, by matriculation, is regarded as having pledged to observe these and all other regulations of the institution. Those who are unwilling to keep this pledge are urged not to apply for admission.' It chances to be my responsibility to see that the rules of the institution are enforced, and this I propose to do without fear or favor. It has come to my attention that some of you have grown careless at certain points in regard to the keeping of these regulations, and, in order that there may be no misunderstanding, I want to read to you some extracts from the rules as printed:

" 'Mecharry Medical College reserves the right to dismiss students at any time if they are considered unsatisfactory, no definite charge being necessary.

" 'Profanity, gambling, betting, are not tolerated by the institution. Students who engage in the same are invariably dismissed.

" 'The use of alcoholic drinks is also strictly forbidden.

" 'The use of tobacco in any form is not allowed on the college grounds or about the buildings. Students are not permitted to visit questionable places of amusement.

“ ‘Immoral or unworthy conduct while absent from the institution will render the student subject to discipline.’

“That sounds to me like good clear English, and I believe we all understand what it means. Any infractions of those rules will be treated with vigor. I am sure that you men understand the spirit of the school, and that you will cooperate in seeing that the rules are observed. It is of the utmost importance that men going out into the professions which you have chosen shall go out with high ideals, and morally clean. Here, however, we have an added responsibility. This is a church school. The men who have made this institution possible were religious men. They expect us to lead clean lives, and we owe it to them and to ourselves to live up to those expectations. I am counting on you, and I know you will not fail me. I did feel, however, that this frank talk with you might clear the air and help you to understand my own attitude in the matter. I trust this friendly word will be sufficient. There have been recent violations of the rules. If these are repeated we shall be forced to act promptly and vigorously.”

After the assembly was dismissed the president joined J. W. at the rear of the room. Smiling, he remarked: “If you heard what I said, I guess it won’t be necessary for me to explain further. What do you think of our auditorium, anyway? It is our only place for large assemblies. We have our Epworth League, Y. M. C. A., and other religious meetings here. The

rooms in the basement are available for laboratory use. We couldn't get along without this building."

"It certainly is a sight to be remembered," said J. W., "to see more than six hundred professional students together, all of them Negroes. Do you know the question which came into my mind as I sat here? Where would these students be if there were no Meharry?"

"That's hard to say," answered the president. "It's a safe conclusion, however, that most of them would never have aspired to become doctors, dentists, or pharmacists, and, if they had cherished such aspirations, circumstances would have kept most of them from carrying out their ambitions. You see, Meharry has become an ideal to the Negro. He thinks of the school as his school and, then, for him it offers some things that other schools do not offer. Howard University in Washington, D. C., and Meharry were the pioneers in medical education for Negroes. Of course, theoretically, the medical schools of the North are open to Negroes, but it is becoming more and more difficult for a Negro to get into one of those schools. They are often very unwelcome, and there are ways of keeping them out. Some schools don't object to one or two, but they would very quickly put up the bars if large numbers began to arrive. Then, too, for most of them the cost is practically prohibitive. Here we seek to keep the cost at the lowest possible figure, and there are many opportunities for the students to work for part or all of their expenses."

"I suppose the need for Negro doctors is great?" said J. W.

"It surely is—almost beyond belief," said the president. "We get the most urgent letters from communities asking for doctors, but the really deepest needs are the unspoken ones. The Negro needs medicine, surgery, sanitation, hygiene, and instruction in food values, the care of infants, and in a multitude of other subjects. The cost in human life of the general ignorance is simply appalling, and the white man can no more afford to allow it to go on than can the black man. The only way out of the abyss of ignorance is instruction, instruction, and then more instruction. The stream of leaders which we are sending out from Me-harry, and which we will continue to send out, is bound to play an important part in saving the Negro from unnecessary suffering, disease, and death."

"How did you yourself get into this work?" asked J. W., as ever interested in the personal element.

"I guess it's because I am by habit a missionary, and I think of this as a missionary task for the benefit of an entire race," answered the doctor. "I was born in England, but I was educated in the United States. I was left an orphan at an early age. When I had finished school, including medical college, I went to China as a medical missionary. I had some experiences over there, I can assure you, including fighting the plague. After a time I came back to the United States and became a teacher. I was then called to take charge of this school, and, frankly, it's a pretty big task."

"It must be a heavy load," said J. W., "but you have many encouragements."

"Yes, there are many things to encourage us," said the president, "but just now we are operating under an enormous handicap."

"What is that?" said J. W.

"To put it bluntly," answered the president, "it is the lack of money. We desperately need half-a-million dollars. You understand, doubtless, that medical schools are graded into classes, and they must measure up to certain requirements before they can get a 'class A' rating. These requirements cover such items as endowment, number of full-time professors, equipment, and the like. Now, we think that we are turning out well-trained graduates, but in several respects we fall short of the requirements of a 'class A' school. In all of these we could quickly measure up to standard if we had the money. We already have a half a million dollars of endowment, but we must have a half a million more. This is imperative, and, if you find anyone who wants to invest a half a million dollars in a proposition which can demonstrate its worth, I wish you would tell him that here is the chance. Our Negro graduates have to take the same State examinations as do white doctors, and in a number of States the graduates of a 'class B' school are not even permitted to try the examinations. I have now on my desk two letters asking for Negro doctors, and both of them come from States where our graduates are not permitted to take the examination. This situation must be remedied.

The Carnegie Foundation and the General Education Board, both of which organizations, as you know, investigate an institution with great care before making a contribution to it, gave us recently one hundred and fifty thousand dollars each. That, with an appropriation from the Board of Education for Negroes, helped us to complete our first half a million of endowment. Now we must double it before we can breathe easy again."

"Well, that is a proposition," said J. W., as he bade the president good-by. "I haven't got half a million dollars, but I'll be glad to help what I can, and I will agree to tell some other folks about it too. You may hear from me yet."



THE INTERIOR OF A NEGRO HOME IN THE SOUTH

In such simple homes many of the students at Gammon Theological Seminary receive their first training in religion.

CHAPTER VI

THE RELIGIOUS LEADERS OF A RACE

THE evening after J. W. had visited Meharry Medical College he packed his grip, went down to the railroad station, and in due time climbed into what was recently described as "that modern instrument of human torture known as a Pullman berth."

For J. W., however, there was little torture, this time at least. He was ready for his berth. He went to sleep in the city of Nashville, and the next morning he awakened in Atlanta, Georgia.

J. W. had been looking forward to this trip to Atlanta. His hobby for the present was Negro schools, and he was as enthusiastic about it as a stamp collector is about a rare issue. He did not allow his hobby to interfere with his business, but he had heard so much about the schools at Atlanta that he had somewhat the feeling of a collector approaching a famous specimen.

It was Gammon Theological Seminary which was particularly on his mind at the moment. He had known of the institution vaguely long ago, but only recently had he become particularly interested in it. On these Southern trips he had met a number of Negro ministers who had told him that they received their theological training at Gammon, and all of them had spoken in the

highest terms of their Alma Mater. The idea had in some way come to him that the institution was a unique one and worth seeing and since he was in Atlanta he resolved to see it.

The first evening in the city he looked up the address of the school and made inquiry as to its location. The next evening he called up the school, and had a short conversation with one of the professors who answered the telephone, and the third afternoon he set out for the campus. He had been told that it was situated on the very edge of the city, and he had settled down in the street car for a rather long ride when the conductor informed him that the next stop was his.

As he alighted he found himself at the entrance to extensive, shaded grounds, and on an eminence a considerable distance back from the main road two groups of imposing buildings stood out in bold relief. It looked as though they must house two separate institutions or two distinct parts of the same institution. One or both of them might be Gammon Theological Seminary; he would soon find out. He chose the attractive magnolia-shaded drive to the left, and followed it past several well-built houses until he came to the large central brick structure which he had observed from the distance. Several young Negroes stood talking on the steps, and not far away others sat in the shade of the trees, apparently studying or writing.

"Is this Gammon Theological Seminary?" inquired J. W. of the young man nearest to him.

"It is," was the reply.

"Can you tell me where I can find the president?" continued J. W.

"The office is just inside this building," was the answer. "I think you will find him in there now."

J. W. entered the building and soon spied the door marked, "President's Office."

The president was "in," the attendant informed him, and could see his visitor at once. And so, almost quicker than it takes to tell the story, J. W. was seated facing the executive head of the institution which he had come to visit.

"And what can I do for you?" said the president, smiling.

"Possibly you will understand best, if I tell you who I am," said J. W.

Once again he found himself going over his bit of autobiography. "I am merely a Methodist layman, and I am in the city selling goods. But I did not come out here to sell anything; rather to see a little of your school and to learn some things about what you are doing and what you are trying to do. You see, I have been educated in the theory that every church member ought to know as much as he can know about what his church is doing, and I try to live up to the theory by improving such opportunities for observation as come my way. Being just now a traveling man with a Southern territory I am having rather unusually good fortune in this respect. I have already visited several of the schools under the auspices of our church's Board of Education for Negroes, as well as some of the

schools of other denominations and a number of the independent institutions. I've been to these because it is likely that a man can better understand what his own church is doing when he knows something of the work being done by other agencies."

"That's true," interjected the president. "It is all part of the same work. Of course our seminary here is a Methodist Episcopal institution, so far as responsibility is concerned, but, when it comes to the students, we have many denominations included."

"How many students have you?" inquired J. W.

"About one hundred," said the president. "We would like to have more, but a theological seminary never seems to be the place to look for a crowd. I believe our enrollment compares pretty well with that of similar institutions for the white race. There are a good many temptations to-day to draw young men of every race into callings other than that of the ministry, and yet, when you take everything into consideration, I doubt whether there is any calling which offers more in the way of satisfaction or which provides a finer opportunity for service."

"What kind of students do you get, mostly?" asked J. W.

"Well, we get students of every sort," answered the president. "We like to get college graduates, and we always have a certain proportion of them in attendance, but not so many as we would be glad to have. Then we get some who have had a little college work, others who have had only a high-school training, and still

others who have had only the training of a grade school. Of course we can't do as much for them as we can for those who have a satisfactory preparation for the work, but we are able to help them a good deal, after all, and we admit almost any one of good character who gives promise of profiting to a reasonable extent from the work. We confer degrees, however, only on those who have a college education."

"What kind of course do you offer?" said J. W.

"If you will just glance through this catalogue," said the president, "you will see what the courses include. They cover Old Testament History, Christian Ethics, Public Speaking, Composition and Rhetoric, Christian Missions, New Testament Greek, Hebrew, Church History, Church Music, Sociology, and numerous other courses. Some of them are elective and some are required. You must visit some of the classes before they are dismissed, and I think we had better go right away or it will be too late."

With this remark the president led the way out into the hall and opened the door of a room from which the sound of voices was coming. Within sat more than thirty young men apparently engaged in earnest discussion with their teacher, the theme being the meaning of a certain passage of the New Testament which is couched in such distinctly Oriental terms as to make its real significance somewhat obscure to one unacquainted with Oriental customs and habits of expression.

J. W. and his guide listened for a few moments to

the discussion, and then passed on to another room where a smaller group was more or less laboriously translating New Testament Greek. In the next room which they entered both teacher and pupils had their coats off, and were busily engaged at large tables.

"Is this a class?" inquired J. W.

"Yes, this is a class in map-making," said the president.

"And how long has that been a part of the training of a Christian minister?" laughed J. W.

"We have it, as you see," said the president. "But we have been doing this sort of work only a short time. We are able to do it now because of the cooperation of the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension. The officers of the Board have felt for some time that the men who go out to do rural work ought to have some special training for the special needs of that work. We have agreed with them, but, in the past, we have not been able to give the courses needed because of other demands upon us. The Board has now placed a man here to help us in that part of the work. He becomes a regular member of the faculty.

"The making of parish maps is, of course, only a detail of a much more elaborate program. We do feel, however, that every minister ought to know how to study his own parish and how to assemble the facts concerning it. He can hardly work out an intelligent program until he has done that, and a map is simply the starting point for the study. It does a man good to map his field and locate the roads, school houses,

lodge halls, churches, cotton gins, and other public and semipublic institutions which it contains, as well as the homes of the people among whom he is working. A man has to know a lot about his field in order to make a map of it. I'll admit that it is a new thing for the Negro pastor to think in terms of maps and parish surveys and community programs, but it is the thing that is needed. In the past the average pastor down here has gone at things in a rather haphazard sort of way, but that won't work any longer. The Negro has been loyal to the church, even when the church had little to offer except a revival meeting once or twice a year, but the younger generation aren't to be reached by such method, or lack of method. We must put more emphasis in the future on religious education and community service.

"That means a good many changes—a change in the attitude and ideals of the Negro preacher, a change in the kind of buildings to be built and used as churches, and yet other and far-reaching changes. Of course it's a long slow process, but we think we are on the right track."

"I have been tremendously impressed with the inadequacy of the church buildings I have seen," interjected J. W. "They all seem to be of one type—four walls and a roof—only some are more dilapidated than others."

"Yes," said the president, "the curse of the Negro church to-day is that type of building, and, worse than that, a program which demands nothing better. We

must have more adaptable buildings, but we must also have men trained to make effective use of those better buildings. At Gammon we are trying to bring in the new day by training the men."

"Wouldn't it be fine if something could be done for the men who are already out in the work, but who never had adequate training for it?" ventured J. W.

"We are doing something for just that group," said the president. "Every summer we cooperate with the Department of Rural Work of the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension in holding here a summer school for rural pastors. We have some of the most capable rural experts in the country on the faculty, and there is always a large number of pastors enrolled. We try to crowd as much training as possible into the few weeks when the school is in session, and it has already been demonstrated that the men do go home with broader ideas to put into use in their respective parishes."

"It certainly is a fine thing," said J. W. "I believe they told me something about a summer school for pastors over at Wiley College, but I didn't really get the idea. That's one kind of work I believe in."

In the next room which they entered J. W. was surprised to find that nearly half of the class was made up of Negro young women. "Are you training young women to become ministers?" inquired J. W.

"No, not that," said the president. "This is our Department of Missions. Some of these young women are wives of our students, and some are from the neighbor-

hood close at hand or from down in the city. Some are Student Volunteers and may one day go to Africa as missionaries. I don't know whether you have ever heard about our special arrangement here for the teaching of missions. We are particularly fortunate in having at Gammon the headquarters of the Stewart Missionary Foundation for Africa."

"I dislike to make the confession," said J. W., "but I do not think I ever heard of it."

"I will tell you a little about it," said the president, when they were once more out in the hall. "The Stewart Missionary Foundation was established by a Methodist minister named William Fletcher Stewart. He believed thoroughly that the coming of the Negro to America was providential, and that the Negro in America should be trained to carry the gospel of Jesus Christ back to his fellows in Africa. He wanted to leave money for the carrying on of that sort of work. The question was whether it should be centered near his home in Illinois or at some other place. At last Gammon Theological Seminary was chosen, and we have benefited immeasurably by that choice. We have already sent a good many of our students to Africa, and hundreds of other students have gone out with an intelligent knowledge of and interest in our missionary work which they would not otherwise have had. Then the Foundation carries on educational work in all of the other Methodist Episcopal schools for Negroes, and encourages the students to write missionary essays, orations, and hymns, for which it offers prizes. It also

publishes a missionary periodical known as *The Foundation* and in a number of other ways promotes interest in missions."

"I don't see how a Methodist minister ever got enough money to found a work like that," laughed J. W.

"Well, that is a story by itself," continued the president. "Mr. Stewart was a remarkable man in more ways than one. He was born out in Ohio in the frontier days of 1824. As a boy he worked on a farm for twenty-five cents a day, but he always managed to save a portion of his earnings then, as he did later when his salary as a minister was one hundred dollars a year. He learned two things from his frugal parents—one was to save his money, and the other was to give systematically to the missionary work of the church. In college he boarded himself at a cost of from thirty to forty cents per week, but he always had money to give to missions. He was graduated at the age of eighteen with the highest honors of his class. He felt that his call to the Christian ministry was clear, and, although he was offered a salary ten times larger in another field, he accepted a circuit with eighteen appointments and a salary of one hundred dollars per year. He traveled it with horse and saddlebags, and, as of necessity he lived most of the time among his people, he was able to save a portion of his salary. He invested his savings in land, together with six hundred dollars received from his father, and to such good effect that he ultimately became a very wealthy man, although he never

left the ministry. The Stewart Missionary Foundation was only one of many benevolences toward which he contributed, but it is perhaps fair to say that no money which he ever gave yielded him larger satisfaction than did this. He established the work long enough before he died so that he had the pleasure of watching it for a number of years."

"That sounds like a fairy tale," ejaculated J. W., "but I suppose it must be true, or you wouldn't tell it to me."

"It's true enough," said the president, "and I haven't told you half the story. I will give you a pamphlet telling you about Mr. Stewart, and you can take it home and read it at your leisure.

"I think now," he continued, "that we had better go outside and see the campus and some of the other buildings."

"You have an unusually spacious campus," said J. W.

"Yes," replied the president, "we are proud of it. It was part of a large tract of land secured originally by Bishop Gilbert Haven for Clark University. At that time it was entirely outside the city. Now the city limits have been extended until we are included, although the campus of Clark University, which adjoins us, is still outside. A good many people laughed when the bishop secured this land. They said it was so far out from town that no one would ever come here to go to school. Now, you see how easily and quickly it can be reached. In those days, however, there were

no pavements, and the red Georgia mud was deep and bad for travel.

"These houses," he continued, "are homes erected for the professors, and this building on our right is our library. We think it is a beautiful building, although it may look small to you in comparison with some libraries which you have seen. Our main building here we call 'Gammon Hall.' We have had to use it for all sorts of purposes. For years we have been handicapped in some respects for lack of space, but now we are to have some relief, for this new building which you see going up is to give us added school facilities. The brick structure over here is our refectory. We have had it only a few years. It is excellently adapted to our purposes. Most of the students board there."

"And what are all of these cottages?" inquired J. W. "Are they on the campus?"

"Yes, they all belong to us," replied the president. "They represent what we believe to be an unusual and most useful feature in a school of this sort. Those are student cottages, provided for married men who have started in the ministry, and then have become awakened to the importance of special training for their work. We have ten such cottages, and we give the use of them free to the men and women who ought to have them. They have made possible a seminary education for many men who otherwise never would have had one. Of course we don't allow young men to get married and then come here to use the cottages while they study. They are reserved for carefully in-

vestigated cases, in which the use of a cottage means the difference between a seminary training and the lack of one, to a man already in the ministry."

"I never heard of anything of the sort," J. W. admitted.

"Possibly you would like to walk over to Clark University," said the president. "This Seminary was originally started as a Department of Theology in the University, but it has since developed into an independent institution. We now have no official relation to Clark, except that we are both under the general supervision of the Board of Education for Negroes of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but we do have a very close fraternal relationship. Some of our students take work in Clark, and some students from Clark take work with us. You see we are only a few hundred feet from each other."

"It looks to me as though Clark had some fine buildings too," remarked J. W. as they entered the Clark campus. "This one seems to be a new one, and from the outside I have rarely seen a finer-looking school building."

"It is a fine building," agreed the president. "This is a product of the advance missionary program of the church which grew out of the Centenary of Methodist Missions. Years ago this institution was designated as the one to be developed as a university, but the development has lagged for lack of funds to provide buildings and an adequate teaching staff. The school has been doing good work, but heretofore it has not measured

up to its name. This remarkable new building is designed as the first long forward step in the new program of the school. It contains modern and well-equipped recitation rooms and scientific laboratories, and it will be, from now on, the center of the institution's life."

"What is this 'L' extension at the front?" asked J. W.

"That is the new chapel," answered the president. "They have named it after a Negro who has been a teacher here nearly all of his life, and who served for a number of years very successfully as the president of the school. He retired recently, and was granted a pension for life by the Carnegie Foundation. At the extreme opposite end of the long building is a modern gymnasium with a swimming pool and other accessories.

"The building just beyond this," continued the president, "is the former college building. It has always been used partly as a boys' dormitory, and it may be devoted altogether to that purpose now. Beyond that is another structure, originally erected for purposes of industrial training. In front of these buildings is the athletic field. This building at our left is the girls' dormitory and boarding hall, and the building beyond that is the Thayer Industrial Home, carried on by the Woman's Home Missionary Society in connection with the school. The buildings which you see in the distance are some of the farm buildings, for the school has quite a farm, including a dairy and a good many

pigs and hens. The school still owns several hundred acres of land which it hopes some day to sell off for building lots, and, with the proceeds, to enlarge its endowment. About two hundred acres have already been sold, I believe, and the proceeds turned into the endowment fund."

"It has the possibilities of a really great school," said J. W.

"Yes, and it is growing rapidly now," said the president. "A new day seems to have dawned for it. Its graduates are already filling many places of responsibility."

As J. W. and the president started back toward the Gammon campus they met an aged colored man coming down the walk.

"Good afternoon, Doctor," said the president, "and how are you to-day?"

"Very well, thank you," replied the old gentleman. "I am out for my afternoon stroll."

"I want you to meet a new friend of mine," said the president, as he presented J. W. "I was just telling him a little about you when we were over by the new chapel."

"That new chapel does give folks a chance to talk about me," said the Doctor, "but I want to say that I didn't have anything to do with choosing the name for it. They seemed to want to name it after me, and what could an old man do with so many young ones against him?"

"It's a beautiful building," said J. W.

"And it's got a good name," quickly added the president.

"It pleases me, of course," said the old teacher. "And I have tried to make the name a worthy one. Whether I have succeeded or not I must leave for others to decide."

When they had passed on, the president turned to J. W. and said: "That man has made a record of which he and his friends may well be proud. He has a brilliant intellect and oratorical gifts of rare excellence, and his life has been beyond reproach. He was the first Negro to be regularly employed as a teacher by the Freedmen's Aid Society, way back in the seventies. He is the author of one or two books, and he gained quite a reputation as an orator. He has spoken, by special request, in Henry Ward Beecher's church, and has occupied other prominent platforms. He is the only man who was ever granted the degree of LL.D. from Atlanta University, and he is the only secretary which the Board of Trustees of Gammon Theological Seminary and the Board of Trustees of Clark University have ever had. He spent the best part of his life here on this campus, and, although he has now retired from active service, the influence of his personality is still felt in the two schools. You would enjoy sitting down to visit with him for an hour, if you had the time, and he would enjoy it too. He is a man of broad culture and wide experience, and his name has for years been in *Who's Who*."

"It would be a delight to talk with him, I know,"

said J. W., "but I am afraid I shall have to forego that pleasure this time. I must be going back to town in a few minutes. There is one question that I want to ask, however, before I go. What gave Gammon Theological Seminary its name?"

"The school was named after Elijah H. Gammon, the original and practically the only benefactor of the school. He did not know that it was being named after him until the job was done, but it is most appropriate that it should be so named. He gave twenty thousand dollars originally, to establish a Chair of Theology in Clark University, and when the school became an independent one he gave much larger sums. Practically all of the buildings here were erected with his money, and before he died, he made such provision for the school that it now has a half a million dollars endowment."

"Who was he, and how did he make his money?" inquired J. W.

"Possibly you will think that I am trying to play a joke on you when I tell you that he too was a Methodist minister. Let me add at once, however, that he didn't save his money out of his salary. He was born just a little more than a century ago, on a rough New England farm, and came up through the discipline of hard work. He taught school for a time, and then became a minister, at the age of twenty-four. He preached for quite a number of years both in New England and in the Middle West, and served as a presiding elder. A chronic bronchial difficulty eventually forced him to give up preaching altogether. He spent a year looking

around, before deciding what he would do next. At length he determined to begin the manufacture of harvesting machinery. In this new field he not only made a very important contribution to the development of modern harvesting implements, but he also succeeded in amassing a fortune, which he used, not for selfish gratification, but for the advancement of the kingdom of God on earth."

"It surely is a coincidence that Mr. Gammon, as well as Mr. Stewart, should have been a Methodist minister," said J. W. "I have been deeply stirred by the stories of these men. Little we realize how many such unselfish men there are in the world, and yet there are enough needs for Christian service to attract many more strong men of ability and means, whose lives might be dominated by the same high ideals that controlled these two men.

"I must thank you," he continued, "for a most profitable afternoon. I have been in the South a good deal during the last few months, but this is my last trip into this part of the country for some time. I am glad that I was able to see this unique school after seeing the others. I shall never forget this visit, nor the stories of the men who have helped to make the work possible. You are working away at a difficult, but at the same time an inspiring, task, in undertaking the training of a race's religious leaders. The sort of ministers the Negro has in the next generation will, to a large extent, determine what the Negro will be in the following generation. I can see that in a real sense

you are helping to shape his destiny. And I like to feel too that I am a partner in the work, for I am a member of the church which has made it possible. In a few days I shall be back at home. I don't know when, if ever, I shall be in Atlanta again, but I wouldn't have missed this opportunity of talking with you and seeing something of your work for a great deal. I shall remember you and it, and I shall be able to pray and give more intelligently in the future because of what I have learned."

"The pleasure has been at least half ours," answered the president. "We believe in what we are doing, and we are glad to show what we have and explain our work to visitors like yourself. If you do come this way again, be sure to come out and see us."

J. W. walked thoughtfully back down the magnolia lined drive to the car line. The next day he left Atlanta for Saint Louis, and a few days later he was at home in Delafield.

CHAPTER VII

A DELAYED WEDDING TRIP

J. W.'s homecoming after his trip to Nashville and Atlanta had unusual zest both for himself and Jeannette. Of course Jeannette was at the station to greet him, as she always was, but this time there was a new light even in her eyes. She had something wonderful to look forward to. They had talked it over the last time J. W. had been at home, and now the time was at hand when the plans which they had formed could be realized. It was on this wise.

Jeannette and J. W. had been married while yet Pastor Drury was disabled, and, as they could not tell just how events were to turn with him, neither of them felt like having a real celebration. And so they had never had a wedding trip. Now they were to make up for that deficiency. Jeannette had suggested the idea, but J. W. had not been slow in giving it his approval.

For months now J. W. had been on the road, with only brief intervals at home, while Jeannette had "stayed by the stuff," and, though she would not say so, had at times been very lonesome indeed. It hardly seemed as though she had a husband; he was away so continuously. She was not so anxious to take a trip



A GROUP OF COLORED CHILDREN IN FRONT OF A PORTABLE SCHOOL BUILDING
IN A NORTHERN CITY

These boys and girls, born in the South, shared in the recent Negro exodus to the North.

as she was to get J. W. away where she could have him to herself for a little while. To J. W. she had said, "You see we are free to go now. We may never get so good an opportunity again."

Decision having been reached that they go somewhere, J. W. suggested New York city as a destination. "Every one has to see New York sooner or later," he laughed, "and we might as well do it sooner."

After a few days at home, days of much planning and some packing, they were ready to start. Jeannette had arranged the trip so that the last half of it might be taken by daylight, and the afternoon of the second day found them following swiftly the course of the broad Hudson, with the imposing Palisades rising from the opposite bank. Jeannette recalled the words of Washington Irving in "Rip Van Winkle," in which he speaks of "The lordly Hudson, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands."

"Irving had the poetry of it right, anyway," she said, turning to J. W., "but the bosom of the Hudson is a busier place to-day than it was in Irving's time."

"It surely is," said J. W. "I wonder what he would think to see it now."

A little later it became apparent even to the uninitiated that the train was entering New York. Tall buildings and other unmistakable signs began to appear, and

Jeannette had settled herself for her first view of the heart of the city, when suddenly the train disappeared under ground and New York vanished from view. Some miles further on they came to a stop, still under ground. Jeannette and J. W. followed the crowd into the station, and J. W. said, "This is no place for an amateur to try to find his way around at this time of day. We'd better just take a taxi to our hotel, and then we won't get lost. We're on our wedding trip anyway, and I think we deserve that much."

And so in the dusk of the evening they drove to the hotel. It wasn't the biggest or the most expensive place in the city, but it was bigger than anything of the sort which Jeannette had ever seen. It made her feel very small indeed. She wondered if everyone knew that she and J. W. were from a small town in the Middle West, and she wondered whether she would ever be able to find her own way around the hotel alone, to say nothing of the great city outside.

In the days which followed, Jeannette and J. W. gave themselves up with enthusiasm to sight-seeing. They found that New York wasn't such a difficult place to get around in after all, and each night they were able to check off a number of things from the list of those which they had hoped to "do" while in the city. They rode to the top of the highest building, and there, with many others, enjoyed a view the like of which J. W. said everybody knew could not be found anywhere else in the world. They rode on the subway, and counted it no special pleasure. They looked out

upon the Statue of Liberty. They visited Ellis Island, and saw thousands of immigrants file in for examination. They went to all the show places: Central Park, the Museum of Fine Arts, the Museum of Natural History, the Public Library, Chinatown, the East Side, and the other regulation "sights."

Incidentally they were much impressed with what they saw and with what they learned about the daily life of a great city. J. W. learned that the subways, elevated, and surface lines of Greater New York carried twice as many passengers every day as all of the railroads in the United States combined. He was told that a child was born in the city every six minutes, that a wedding took place every thirteen minutes, and that a funeral was held every fourteen minutes. He discovered that a new building was erected every fifty-one minutes, that a fire occurred every thirty minutes. He found that hundreds of people come to New York every day to live, and that he and Jeannette were only two of some thirty-five million transients who visit New York every year. He figured this meant that every three years New York entertained approximately as many people as the entire population of the United States. He was amazed to learn that nearly eight out of every ten of the residents of New York were either foreign-born or the children of foreign-born parents, and equally surprised to know that New York had the largest Negro population of any city in the United States.

This latter fact, coming on top of his recent interest

in the Negro, impressed J. W. considerably. He knew that Negroes had been coming North, but he was hardly prepared for the statement that New York had more Negroes than any city in the South. That night he engaged the Negro waiter in conversation, asking him, among other questions, "Where do most of the Negroes in New York live?"

"Oh, in different parts of the city," said the waiter, "but mostly up in Harlem. There's plenty of them up there, you'll find."

That night J. W. said to Jeannette, "Ever since we have been here in New York we have been doing the things that we set down in the list to do before we left home. Everybody does them. I propose that we do something different to-morrow. You know when I was down in the South I got very much interested in the Negro. I used to write you a lot about what I was seeing and hearing. Now here we are, right in the heart of the biggest Negro city in the United States and, for all I know, the biggest Negro city in the world. How would it do for us to go up to Harlem to-morrow morning and spend a few hours just looking around? We might not see anything worth while, but, then again, we might."

"That's just the thing," said Jeannette, both because she really thought so and also because she found considerable pleasure in doing the things that J. W. really wanted to do.

So Jeannette and J. W. found themselves on the subway the following forenoon, *en route* to Harlem,

wherever that might prove to be. Neither of them had a very clear idea of directions when traveling underground, but they could ask questions. They changed cars twice on the way, and J. W. observed to Jeannette that he was sure they must be on the right road, for the number of Negroes among the passengers increased each time. At last they came to the station for which they were making, and stepped out upon the subway platform.

"Just notice," said J. W., drawing Jeannette to one side, "we are the only white people getting off this train."

"I believe you are right," said Jeannette, and then she counted while nearly forty colored persons passed through the gates, with not a white person among them.

"We must have struck the right place," said J. W., as they walked up the stairs to the sunlight.

"Well, did you ever see anything like this?" said Jeannette, as they stepped out upon the sidewalk. "Would you imagine that we were in the same city which we left hardly more than twenty minutes ago?"

It did require a slight stretch of the imagination to make the picture which greeted their eyes fit into their first-acquired conception of New York. The most casual glance revealed to them Negroes everywhere, and of many descriptions. There were Negro news-boys and Negro pedestrians on the street, Negro shop-keepers of many sorts in front of their places of business, waiting on Negro customers. In the center of the

street was a tall Negro policeman, directing the street traffic.

Jeannette and J. W. stepped to the curbing and stood looking about them, considering what they would do. Directly across the corner stood a large structure of numerous stories, which had some of the marks of a public school building. "Let's go across and look in," said J. W.

"You are the guide of this expedition," said Jeannette. "I'll follow where you lead."

J. W. had expected to get a glimpse through the window and pass on, but they were met at the entrance by two pupils, wearing badges which seemed to indicate that they were members of some sort of a reception committee. "Won't you come right in?" said one of the boys.

Jeannette and J. W. hesitated.

"You're quite welcome," continued the boy. "This is 'visitor's week,' and you may go anywhere you choose."

J. W., ever ready for a new experience, smiled and said, "Thank you, I believe we will come in."

"Just follow me," said the boy, and Jeannette and J. W. followed.

The next thirty minutes were highly interesting. Their guide's mind was active, and he told them many things about the school and about "visitor's week." "You see," he said, "this is a special week. We have different guides every day, and the pupils who stand best in their classes get to be guides. We enjoy it, and

think it is quite an honor. If you would like, we will begin here in the kindergarten, and then go on through the different rooms."

And so they went from room to room. There were little girls and boys busy with handwork in the kindergarten, and in other rooms classes of about forty or fifty pupils each, engaged in the study of arithmetic, language, geography, spelling, drawing, physiology, and other subjects.

"You surely have a large school here," remarked J. W. "How many pupils?"

"We have about twenty-five hundred pupils," said the guide.

"Is it entirely a Negro school?" asked J. W.

"No, not entirely," answered the boy. "We have quite a number of white pupils, a few in almost every room, but you see this neighborhood is pretty well given over to Negroes now.

"This," said the guide, interrupting himself, "is the principal's office. Come in and meet our principal."

J. W. and Jeannette were ushered into the principal's office, where they were greeted by a pleasant-voiced man who seemed really glad to see them.

"Our guide here is a good one," said J. W. "He has not only shown us through the building, but has told us many things about the school."

"That's part of our 'visitor's week,' which is being observed in all the schools of the city. Of course we try to select our best pupils for guides," the principal added, as he dismissed the boy.

"Are there any other schools for Negroes as large as this one in the city?" inquired J. W.

"I believe we have a larger proportion of colored pupils than any other school in the city," said the principal. "You noticed that we have only boys, except in the lowest grades, where we have a few girls. There is a girls' school up the street about two blocks which has just about as large an enrollment as this school, but only about seventy-five or eighty per cent of the pupils are Negroes. I imagine it is one of the largest schools for Negro girls in the United States, even then. There are some interesting facts about that school too. It has one of the finest school buildings you are likely to find anywhere. A few years ago it was almost as 'exclusive' as a private school, for this was one of the best residence sections. The very large influx of Negroes into the city in recent years has changed all that. There are several schools around here now which have a very substantial proportion of Negro pupils, but I believe none has so many as we have here."

"Do you meet any special problems in this school that would not be found in other schools in the city?" said J. W.

"Yes, we do have some special problems, particularly with the new arrivals from the South," said the principal.

"Do you mean to say that there are still some Negroes coming North?" said J. W. "I thought they came only during the recent war."

"Oh, no; they are coming all the time," said the prin-

principal, "and so many children are here without their parents. They live with 'aunts,' or 'uncles,' or 'cousins,' or just neighbors. Their parents send them North in order that they may get the advantage of the schools up here, and the relatives with whom they are supposed to stay don't always pay proper attention to them. They suffer considerably for lack of home discipline. Then, too, we have the problem of the older pupil who has never had much chance to go to school, and who has to begin, therefore, practically at the bottom. We are forced to organize special classes for such pupils."

"Do you think these pupils learn as fast as white pupils do?"

"Oh, they learn all right," said the principal. "I haven't noticed much difference there, particularly when the home conditions are satisfactory."

J. W. thought they should be going.

"We mustn't take any more of your time," he said.

"Don't worry about time," said the principal. "We are glad to talk with those who are interested in what we are doing, and this week particularly we are giving visitors the right of way. It's just about time, however, for our fire drill. Perhaps you would like to go down to the street and watch the pupils come out."

"Oh, yes; I've always wanted to see a fire drill," said Jeannette.

The principal went with them, and they had no sooner reached the sidewalk than the gong sounded. Almost immediately, it seemed, the lines of children

began to appear. One line turned to the right and the other to the left. And they kept coming. Jeannette wondered if some were not going back and coming out a second time, like the "Roman Army" in the high school pageant at home, but not so. When the last child was out, she turned to view the long lines of pupils stretching far in either direction.

"That was worth seeing," she said, her eyes aglow, as they bade the principal good-by, "and we thank you for your courtesy to us. We shall always remember this morning."

The tourists from Delafield walked slowly for several blocks, and, as they walked, each helped the other to see whatever was to be seen. They passed motion picture theaters evidently patronized by Negroes; more schoolhouses; beautiful churches which J. W. was sure were Negro churches; a fine new Negro Y. M. C. A. building. At length they came to a neat library building.

"I wonder if this is for Negroes too," said Jeannette.

"We can very soon find out, if questions will do it," said J. W. as he took Jeannette by the arm and started up the steps to the building.

To J. W.'s questionings the young woman at the desk replied, "Well, the library is for the community, and, since the community is now mostly colored, I suppose you might say it is for Negroes. In fact, most of the people who use the building are Negroes, as you can see by looking about you now. We are trying to make the library of use to the people. An ex-

hibit of Negro art has just ended. If you had been here yesterday, you might have seen it, but I am afraid you are too late now. We secured the exhibits from a good many different sources, and we kept them on display for several months. I think it was a good thing for our constituency. The newspapers gave the exhibit quite a little publicity, and many visitors came to see it."

"We are glad to know there was such an exhibit, even if we cannot see it," said J. W., and they thanked the young woman and turned to go.

"We surely have seen variety enough this morning," said Jeannette, as they came out upon the street. "But I believe we ought to begin to think about getting back to the hotel."

"All right, we'll go now," said J. W. "First let me speak to this Negro policeman on the corner."

"Pardon me," said J. W., as he approached the man in uniform, "can you tell me the best way to get downtown from here?"

"Yes," said the man. "Take the subway on this side of the street at the next corner."

Now, J. W. had been fairly well aware of the location of the subway station before he asked, but he had wanted to get a little closer view of this colored officer, as well as to see him in action, so he said, "They keep you rather busy here on this corner, don't they?"

"Yes, we have plenty of traffic," said the officer, as he signaled to several waiting automobiles to proceed.

"I'm from the Middle West, where we don't often see a Negro policeman," said J. W.

"No, there aren't so many of them in the country, I guess," said the man, "but we have them here, and they have some in Chicago. I imagine there are some in some other cities, but I don't know."

"Do Negroes in New York hold any other city positions?" asked J. W.

"Oh, yes," said the Negro. "But we are proudest of our two Negro aldermen. We didn't elect politicians, but we selected two professional men who had never been in politics, and then we went to them and told them they would have to accept, and, if I do say it, you would not find it easy to pick out members of the Board of Aldermen better educated, or more highly cultured, than our men. They rank well with most of the other members."

"I'm glad to hear it," said J. W. "That's one way to better city government. It looks to me as though you had a rather prosperous and contented Negro colony here," said J. W.

"Yes, we are getting along quite well," said the Negro, smiling, "quite well; though you may suppose we could do better."

"I am sorry that we didn't get to see what the Methodist Church is doing up there," said J. W. to Jeanette, after they were seated in the subway train. "But I guess we will have to let that go until our next trip," he laughed. "It must have been quite a strain on the resources of our Board of Home Missions and Church

Extension to have so many Negroes come North all at one time, if any effort was made to take care of our share of them. You couldn't get very far here with the kind of church that only costs a few hundred dollars. In the first place, the city wouldn't let you build such a building if you wanted to, and, in the second place, it wouldn't reach the people, even if you built it. You would have to have a real church or none at all."

That evening, as J. W. was glancing through the paper his eye was attracted to a bold headline which read:

\$400,000 NEGRO CHURCH

SAINT MARK'S TO BE THE MOST PRETENTIOUS CHURCH FOR THE
RACE IN THE CITY

Plans were filed yesterday for what will be the most pretentious church for Negroes on Manhattan Island. It will be erected on the block bounded by Saint Nicholas and Edgecombe Avenues, 137th and 138th Streets. The building will cost \$400,000. It will be the new home of Saint Mark's Methodist Episcopal Church, which for many years has occupied the edifice 231 West 53d Street, between Seventh and Eighth Avenues.

The new building will be three stories in height, with a parish house fronting on Saint Nicholas Avenue. Sibley and Featherstone are the architects. The Rev. William H. Brooks is the pastor.

"There you have it," said J. W., turning to Jeanette, "just what I was thinking. And now I remember reading in one of the church papers some time ago about this church. I believe it is the leading Methodist Episcopal church for Negroes in the city, but they have been located downtown, and now most of their people are

living up in Harlem, miles from the church. If I remember correctly, the members of the congregation had at that time pledged something over one hundred thousand dollars for the new building, and that was some time ago. I imagine the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension is helping too. It's probably one of thousands of projects which we have been giving to through our Centenary offerings. I am glad that they are going to do a good job while they are at it. The church that gets anywhere must do its work in a worthy and dignified way to-day, and especially so among the Negroes. I have seen so many cheap churches lately, which had no facilities for special religious, educational, club work, or other community service that I feel like giving three cheers for anybody who has courage and faith enough to go at the task in a big way."

"I agree with you on the question of churches," said Jeannette, "but just now it seems to me that we are wasting perfectly good time. Here we are in New York, and in a few days we shall be gone. Is there any reason that we should not take a walk along 'the Great White Way'? Everybody talks about it, and from the glimpse we had of it last night, certainly no other street has so many electric lights at work all at one time. What do you say?"

"As usual, just what you say," laughingly replied J. W. "If it's a walk, I'm for it. Perhaps we'll get to see that much-talked-about Methodist church which is ninety-nine steps from Broadway."

"I'll trust you to find it, if it's a church," said Jeannette. "It ought not to be too difficult. Hasn't it a conspicuous electric sign? Something like that is needed to remind a lot of people that the church is still on the job, even here in this great city."

And Jeannette and J. W. set out to enjoy the sensations of an evening walk along one of the most famous streets in the world. But that's not a part of this story.

The next day they passed into the great railroad terminal to begin the trip home. Jeannette avowed that it had been a perfectly wonderful experience, but she also confessed that she was ready to get back to Delafield, which, everything considered, had some advantages as a place of permanent residence even when compared with New York.

On the way home they stopped off for a day at Chicago, where a college friend of J. W.'s undertook to "show them the town." They rode through some of the beautiful parks; they saw the tall "gum tower" on the drive, which J. W. thought did pretty well as an isolated specimen, but which in his judgment was not quite up to New York; they visited "the pier," which Jeannette admitted was big enough, even though she could never remember whether she was supposed to call it the "million dollar pier" or the "five million dollar pier"; and they lunched at a great department store down in what every one insisted on calling the "loop."

In the afternoon they headed with a friend for another part of town. The way led them through streets

which reminded J. W. so much of Harlem that he said as much to Jeannette.

"Yes," said their guide, "this entire section of the city is now given over to Negroes. Chicago has had more than its share of the Exodus. Miles and miles of houses which a few years ago were occupied by white families now all are occupied by Negroes. Some of them are very beautiful places too. This church here that we are now passing," he continued, "was a few years ago a Methodist Episcopal church for white people. It is still a Methodist Episcopal church, but the complexion of the preacher and the members of the congregation has changed entirely. Three years ago that congregation was meeting in an old store building so small that three men could span it. Now the people fill this great auditorium every Sunday."

"I suppose they have had to organize some new churches to accommodate the newcomers?" said J. W.

"They have, indeed," said his friend. "I wish I could tell you how many Methodist Episcopal churches have been organized for Negroes in and about this city during the last few years, to say nothing of those of other denominations. It has been a fine thing, the way the church has come to care for these people since they turned up here, strangers in a strange land. In the case of the Methodists it was the Centenary program which made it possible for the church to get hold of them before they drifted away from the church altogether."

"I suppose," said J. W., speaking to Jeannette as

well as their guide, "that we could find situations much like what we have seen in New York and here in a good many other cities in the North. Most Americans do not realize what a shift in Negro population has taken place in the last few years, nor how much it is going to affect our national life from now on."

"That's very true," said Jeannette. "We are all so busy with our own affairs that we don't pay much attention to what other people are doing, particularly when those other people happen to be of another race. I guess, though, we will have plenty of things to tell the Epworth League about the Negro question when we get home. Don't you think so, J. W.?"

Of course J. W. thought so, and, with that matter settled, the little party of three took a few more notes.

The following day Jeannette and J. W. reached Delafield—their first homecoming together since they were married; and home never seemed quite so welcome before. It seemed to Jeannette that they had been gone at least a month, and, although she had enjoyed every minute of the trip, she was happy to be at home once more, to don her apron and take possession of the kitchen, and to drop back into the sense of security and peace which only a real home can offer.

CHAPTER VIII

AN EVENT AND A VISION

DURING the months following the New York trip J. W. was much away from Delafield, but when summer came he arranged to be at home for a time. It gave him a chance to get into touch once more with things which were going on in Delafield. He spent much of the day at the John W. Farwell store, helping his father, and he also devoted a good deal of time to Jeannette. Besides, he found opportunity to do many other things which his extended absences from Delafield had previously made impossible.

For one thing he had his first real chance to get acquainted with the new Methodist pastor, the Rev. Conrad Schuster. He came to be very fond of the minister. He discovered, incidentally, that Mr. Schuster had not failed in his promise that he would stand by the program of interracial cooperation which J. W. had been instrumental in getting started in Delafield. Due to the wise and tactful leadership of the new minister, the work had been maintained, and there were some really tangible results to show for the quiet efforts which had been put forward. Not the least important of these was the growing confidence and mutual



THE HOPE OF THE NEW DAY

This picture, taken in a rural Negro community in the South, many miles from the railroad, shows the new Negro leader hip upon which the hope of the future rests. From left to right we have the local school principal, the local postmaster, the county agent who lives in the community, the District Superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the local Methodist pastor.

understanding between the leaders of the two races in the community. Of course J. W. was pleased to hear of all that had been done, and he discovered that he had much in common with this alert young man who had come to Delafield to take up the work which Pastor Drury had been forced to lay down.

To J. W. it was also a source of delight that he now had opportunity to renew those long visits with Pastor Drury which had been interrupted during the months of absence from Delafield. And it was no less a delight to Walter Drury. That wise man listened eagerly to J. W.'s accounts of his business trips, to the humorous incidents of the road, to the description of the schools and churches which J. W. had visited, to the report of conversations which J. W. had had with Negroes of many sorts, and to the recital of experiences on the trip to New York and Chicago. Out of his long observation and wide reading Pastor Drury was able to bring many points of view to supplement J. W.'s impressions, and to interpret the things which he had seen and heard.

It was during one of these visits, which seemed to come around almost inevitably to the discussion of the Negro and his future in America, that J. W. said: "Well, my respect for the Negro has increased enormously during the past year. There are still multitudes of very ignorant and very degraded Negroes, but what you have said about the progress that the race has made in the last half century being almost past belief is true. I'm not much of a history expert, but

I don't recall any period of similar length in the record of our own race when it ever made such rapid progress. And yet, after all is said and done, I would not like to be a Negro."

"Why is that?" said Pastor Drury, as usual ready to lead J. W. on a little further.

"Think of what it would mean," continued J. W. "In the first place, I would have to give up my job. My firm wouldn't have me, and, if they were willing, how would I get along traveling? I couldn't get into a Pullman car. If I went to a good hotel to register, I would be told that the rooms were all taken. Of course I could travel in the Negro coach, and sit up all night, and I could get along on cold lunches and other makeshifts, but it would be pretty desperate work. Then, even if I could get a hearing at all, I would be obliged to sell goods cheaper than anyone else, or give some other big inducement which would ruin the business, in order to sell any goods at all. If I wanted to get an education, I would find that some of the best schools were closed to me, and if I wanted to vote, the chances are that I would not be permitted to do so. I should have to choose my lifework from a limited list of those callings which are open to Negroes, or else undertake to make my way under handicaps which would practically doom me to failure from the beginning."

"That's rather a gloomy picture," said Pastor Drury.

"Yes, it is," continued J. W., "but, after all, there's a sort of silver lining to this cloud. I think things are

steadily growing better, even if it seems to the eager black man that progress is slow. All our talk about freedom and democracy and other high ideals during the past few years hasn't gone for nothing. We have proclaimed those principles throughout the world, and, sooner or later, our self-respect is going to force us to put them more into operation right here at home, even if our sense of justice and fair play doesn't. And I have a good deal of faith in the fairness of the American people, when they once squarely face an issue. I just don't believe that they have seen this one quite in its full light yet."

"What do you think of this much-discussed 'social equality'?" asked Pastor Drury.

"Frankly," said J. W., "I don't know what they are talking about. If what they really mean is intermarriage between the races, why don't they say so, rather than use the ambiguous phrase, 'social equality'?" he continued. "It seems as though I have been asked a hundred times whether I wanted to have my sister marry a 'nigger.' Of course I don't want her to marry a Negro. I don't want her to marry a Chinese, and yet the Chinese people had a well-developed culture thousands of years ago, while my ancestors were still barbarians. I don't want her to marry a Japanese, and yet the Japanese are among the keenest and the best-mannered people in the world. On the other hand, I don't know that I care for any law to keep her from doing these things. I am willing to trust the good sense of American girls on this point."

"I agree with you," said Pastor Drury. "It always seemed to me that 'social equality' was a matter which would take care of itself without our worrying about it, and I haven't discovered any facts yet to make me change my mind."

This was not the only conversation on the subject between Pastor Drury and J. W., and they always came to somewhat optimistic conclusions. Pastor Drury rejoiced as he saw J. W.'s convictions deepen and his sense of responsibility for the application of the principles of Christianity to practical affairs become more vivid.

J. W. had time also to drop in occasionally to see the Rev. Alexander Driver. He found that they were of the same mind in many things, and he never came away without feeling that he had learned something. In turn he hoped that the Negro pastor benefited by the interchange of ideas which these occasions afforded.

During one of these calls Mr. Driver suggested that J. W. come down to Saint Mark's some Sunday and tell something of what he had seen of the work of the church among the Negroes in the South and of his experiences in New York and Chicago. J. W. consented, and the following Sunday morning he was greeted by a congregation which filled the church to the doors. Facing such a congregation was a new experience for J. W., and he was a little nervous as to the outcome, but, after he had begun to speak, he forgot all about himself, and for forty-five minutes he told of the

needs and the achievements of the Negro and of his hopes for the race in America.

It was something new, likewise, for the congregation, and the people listened intently to this interpretation by one of another race of their own hopes and aspirations. Many came forward to greet J. W. after the service, and to express the satisfaction with which they had listened to his message. The preacher told him that the occasion had meant more to his people than J. W. would ever realize.

To Jeannette, J. W. said when he got home, "I know I am no orator, but I had something to say to those people this morning, and I enjoyed saying it. I think possibly they enjoyed it too. I am glad he asked me to come, and I am glad I went, even though I did have to work rather hard to get ready, and was pretty well scared when I got there."

During these days Jeannette and J. W. managed to take many quiet drives into the country. Sometimes they carried a lunch, sought a shady spot, and there over a small fire fried bacon and made coffee. More often, however, they managed to get around to "the old farm" about meal time, for they were well aware that there was no shortage of food in Mother Shenk's larder, and that even though their arrival was not heralded in advance, it would be no trouble to find a little refreshment.

Sometimes they would wander back through the pasture to the brook which twisted and turned and doubled on itself in its careless effort to flow across the farm.

Then Jeannette would seat herself in the shade of a tree with a book or magazine, or more frequently with a bag of sewing at her side, and J. W. would cut a fishing pole, as he used to do as a boy, and, with an improvised line, hook and bait, would try to lure an unsuspecting trout from his lair. He wasn't often successful, for trout were not nearly so plentiful as they had been in the days of his youth, but, as he remembered, fishing did not necessarily mean catching fish, and his poor luck did not mar his enjoyment. To the two young people these days were times that were sure to become treasured memories to be looked back upon with increasing pleasure and deepening satisfaction as the years passed.

Two days they spent with "Marty," Jeannette's brother and J. W.'s boyhood and college chum. In his rural parish he was known, of course, as the Rev. Martin Luther Shenk, but "Marty" was good enough for these three chums. He had been married a short time previously to Alma Wetherell, a friend of both Jeannette and J. W., so that their visit developed into quite a reunion.

A long letter had just come from Joe and Marcia Carbrook, who had gone out as missionaries to China and were enthusiastically giving themselves to the work there. The letter brought back memories of many other Delafield young people who had grown up with them and had now gone out into life. Most of them they had never heard from directly, but some way they had that persistent though usually mistaken feel-

ing that, if the old friends should all drop in upon them suddenly, they could at once pick up the threads of friendship which their separation had caused to be severed. However, they realized that they were no longer irresponsible youngsters taxing the patience of their elders, but that the years which had passed had placed upon their shoulders, without their conscious seeking, the responsibilities of maturity.

J. W. could see that Marty had developed considerably since he had seen him, and Marty insisted that his marriage had not only made him a better preacher but had also given him quite a new standing in the community. Alma laughed at this, but she was too wise to deny it. At any rate the work was going well, and Marty's enthusiasm for it was stronger than ever. He was a country boy, he said. He believed in the country, and he was going to stick to it. He had no idea of using this country work as a stepping-stone to a city job. He was a country preacher for life, and he was resolved to do the best piece of work that it was possible to do in the country.

J. W. noted that Marty's library was rich in new books on the work of the rural church, and he smiled as he said to himself, and later to Jeannette: "I guess Marty will be able to take care of himself all right. He's got the stuff in him, and he's started on the right track."

As the weeks passed, the J. W. and Jeannette automobile trips became shorter and fewer. Occasionally the two went for short walks, but Jeannette spent most

of her time at home sewing and sewing and planning and planning. She was getting ready for a great event, and she was happy and content.

In the early fall a white-capped nurse appeared at the house, and a few days later the doctor was hastily summoned. J. W., distressed with his helplessness, tried not to be in the way, and as no one seemed to have anything for him to do, he just waited. In due time came the word which has thrilled the hearts of millions in like circumstances, but which refuses to grow old with use: "It's a boy."

In the days that followed J. W. found he could make himself useful once more. He reveled in the humblest tasks which were assigned to him, and while at work he dreamed dreams such as he had never dreamed before. He didn't know much about babies, but everyone told him the baby was perfect, and, although he thought it wiser not to say so to anyone, he was secretly convinced that there never could have been so remarkable a child before.

It was too weeks after the wonderful event. Jeannette, wrapped in a soft robe, sat in a comfortable chair in front of the fire, which J. W. had kindled for her benefit. J. W. was on a rug at her side. A door opened. The nurse stepped into the room. She placed the baby in Jeannette's arms and withdrew. The scene was one for an artist; it always is. But no artist could picture or poet voice the emotions that were surging through the hearts of the actors in it. J. W. knew that his eyes were moist, and he could find no

words to express the feelings that welled up within him. Words were not needed, for he understood; and Jeannette, glancing at his face, understood too.

Thus they sat in silence for some time. Then J. W. spoke softly. "Jean," he said, using the particular pet name that he loved best, "these have been wonderful weeks to me. I thought I had lived before, but, now, somehow, it seems as though I had just begun to live. I feel as I imagine the men of old used to feel after they had had one of those mountain-top experiences. I have been thinking about you and about our boy. You know and I know that he is the most wonderful boy in the whole world. We want him to grow up strong and well, to get a good education, to have a thorough religious training, and to have in every respect just the best possible chance to make the most of himself. And the beauty of it is that so far as we can see there is no reason why he should not have practically all of the things we want him to have.

"But do you know what came into my mind right away? Probably it was because of my experiences this past year, but I couldn't help thinking that probably every father feels very much as I have been feeling. And that means the fathers of the red babies, the brown babies, the yellow babies, and the black babies—babies of every color God has seen fit to use for babies' complexions.

"And, when you come to think of it, it's surprising how many colored babies there are in the world. I was figuring up, and at least two thirds of the people

of the world are colored. That means that at least two thirds of the babies of the world are colored. Sometimes we get the idea that the white babies are the only ones that really count, but you remember what Abraham Lincoln said about the common people, 'God must have loved them, he made so many of them.' Isn't just that thing true about the colored babies?

"It's made me just a little ashamed of myself and of my country, as I have realized in the last few days how we place such serious handicaps on their little shoulders, not because of anything they have done, but because of the color which God has given them. There's something in it all that makes me want to do my utmost to bring in the day when God's children of every color shall really have a fair chance at all the high privileges of life. And, if I do not live to see that day ushered in, I hope that our boy will grow up to carry on the work that we must leave undone."

This time it was Jeannette's eyes that were filled with tears. She knew that J. W. was still on the mountain top, and that he was speaking with unusual feeling. Her heart was touched, but what she thought was something that did not need to be talked about. Instead she reached over and patted J. W.'s arm, and he knew that she understood.

That night as J. W. knelt by his bedside he prayed, briefly but earnestly, in words that were full of new meaning to himself:

"O Lord, thou hast been very good to me. Everything that I could have desired thou hast supplied—a

good home, good parents, abundance of food, an education, the best wife in the world, and the most wonderful boy. And in return I have been a fool. I ask thy forgiveness. Now I know how childish, how absurd, and how unfair much of my thinking has been. Thou art a better God than I have been willing to believe. I know now that thou lovest all thy children with a father's love, and that thou hast thine own reasons for making them of many colors. Forgive my foolish, bigoted, and unjustified pride and make me humble and teachable. Help me in the future to do justly, to love mercy and to walk humbly with thee. Amen."

And then J. W. rose from his knees, and slept. He would be ready for the morning, bringing with it that perennial miracle of a loving Father—a new day with its uncharted and unexplored possibilities and opportunities.

